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THE GUARDS.

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# THE GUARDS.

A NOVEL.

“Arma Virumque cano.”—VIRGIL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



LONDON:

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# THE GUARDS.

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## CHAPTER I.

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PARTIES GIVEN BY PROXY.—THE TRICKS OF  
THE HAUTE NOBLESSE.

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“ Qui facit per alterum, facit per se.”

LATIN PROVERB.

“ Bon homme, bon homme !

Tu n'es pas maître dans ta maison,

Quand nous y sommes.”

FRENCH SONG.

THERE are certain men and women in town, who decidedly are not nouns substantive, for they can do nothing by themselves ; they have no will of their own, no ideas of their own, no

taste of their own, no power *per se*, but depend entirely on some one or other to direct them; and this *somebody*, whether male or female, *soi-disant* friend, adviser, prototype, tiger, or dependant, soon usurps the reins of government, and commands house, purse, conduct, and whole establishment. Such persons may be said to do every thing by proxy. But there are two classes of these proxy people: weak idiots, who are led by some artful, interested, and designing companion; and ambitious creatures, who, aware in some measure of their own insignificance, apply to a titled or a fashionable proxy, to regulate all the affairs of their house, their table, and their station in society. The first class is so imbecile, that a valet, a groom, a horse-dealer, a leg or coxcomb, can make them do what best suits the interest of each: the monied blockhead is bound to imitate the style, fashion, dress, extravagance, and particular passion of the proxy. If he be an Exquisite, the copyist cannot put on a hat or a coat, without first studying the cut of



the one, and the last fashion of the other; such as his original, his oracle, or his tiger wears. If the proxy be a drunkard, a gambler, a turf-man, a sporting-man, or an eccentric, the imitator must have the same passion; but it generally occurs, that the pilot of Folly's bark (who is sure to run it ashore after plundering it) has a taste for all those pastimes; and the monied man is sold to turf, fancy, gaming-table, taverns horse-dealer, jeweller, and jilt, all by the proxy's recommendation. How was Pea-green Ane handled by his advisers, and by those whom he strove to copy and to outdo! How was he turned to account by love, (we do not mean Mr. Love\* the jeweller,) by liquor, and by the

\* Pea-green Ane, Tom Crux, and others, seemed to have most at heart the lavish expenditure of money. No mad and intoxicated tar could ever have a more decided itch for throwing money away, nor was Jack more ridiculous with his doxy, fiddler, and chaise and four, driving up and down to get to the end of his prize money, than Ane, the green-horn of would-be-fashion, was in dissipating his thousands. Conceive any thing more ridiculous than his ordering a dressing-case, the price of

rivalry of aping the great! And how many others, like him, have come to nothing from the same cause! But it is not of these unintellectual things, depending on others for support, backed by their own coin, that we shall have to treat; it is of rational simpletons, men of business and of property, of grave occupations, and placed decently in private life, who must soar above their means and sphere; and who throw themselves into a state of dependence, by way of climbing on the shoulders of a Peer, or a Right Honourable Lady, into a place in high life. Of this class was Mr. Transfer, the banker, where our young Guardsman was prevailed upon to go one night of this gentleman's opening his house, like a

which was fifteen hundred pounds; and on Love's arriving in a chaise and four with the case, his asking if ever he made any thing so handsome or so expensive, which was answered by "Only one;" on which the spendthrift replied in a truly *gentlemanlike* manner, "—— your eyes, Love, you must make mine cost more than that." We only wonder how adults with such conduct are kept out of Bethlem.

coffee-room, to the idler, or the rout-lover of fashion.

The banker, who, by-the-by, is a very good-natured man, would absolutely edge himself in amongst fashionables. He delighted to rub sleeves with the Peerage, to see My Lord in his card-rack, and My Lady at his supper-table; therefore, well knowing that the shortest road to draw quality to his house and board, was to give expensive parties, set dinners, superb suppers, an aggregation and congregation of visitors, to amass crowds, and stifle them in brilliant rooms, (which is called pleasure,) he resolved on giving his parties, at which the female part of his family was delighted; but then the difficulty was how to assemble a muster of good-looking names, (for there is a great deal in the look of a name in the fashionable article in the newspaper the day after a party;) he must do it *per alterum*, for he could not do it *per se*. Most fortunately for the gratification of his ambition, he had the high honour and solid

satisfaction of knowing a certain Scotch Earl, and a titled dame, (Lady Caro we will call her) : submitting all matters of taste into their hands, the good-tempered creature bethought himself of a plan, as he was handing a Viscountess into her carriage at his bank one morning, for he should vastly have liked to see her splendid equipage and long liverymen standing at his door in the form of a visit, instead of custom ; he, therefore, when he went to his private house, imparted his scheme to the female committee at home, and it was highly relished : it was this, to apply to Lady Caro, and to the lordly Scot, to take charge of his affairs entirely ; to do him the supreme honour and never-to-be-forgotten felicity of making his house their own, and, by condescending to allow him to be the nominal giver of parties, make him an empty and mere Co. in the concern, whilst they should actually dispose of his habitation as a *rendezvous* and a convenience to their numerous elegant acquaintance.

Lady Caro and the Peer, with that obliging affability which they so eminently possess, acceded to his terms; and in a short time his house was filled with rank and fashion, not one of his guests being acquainted with *l'homme de la maison*, for my Lord and her Ladyship had literally *carte blanche*, and issued the good man's tickets for him, filled up with such names as they thought proper. The selection must be judicious, with such heads to make it!—and the banker's head was nearly turned at beholding, by the aid of a blaze of lights, such *lots* of coronets drive up to his door: he was so beside himself with joy, that the dream of his greatness lasted all the next day, and he made a dozen mistakes at his banking-house, striking great people's balances the wrong way, and looking out in the Court Calendar for a calculation of interest: he addressed his head clerk as My Lord, and was so absent as to call out to his cashier, who was telling out change for a bank note,

“ It is your Ladyship’s deal ;” so that it was much dreaded that he was a candidate for St. Luke’s. He recovered, however, this fashion-fever, and his parties continued with much spirit, and were always very numerously attended ; for the tasteful firm of Lady Caro and partner had thus an opportunity, not only of entertaining their circle gratis, and without trouble, at their banker’s, but they could also invite people there whom they might not have invited at home. What a scope of patronage this gave her Ladyship ; and what fun this was to the good Lord ! The banker, all the time, however, was not without anxieties and fatigues ; anxieties as to many things going off well, and great fatigue in being introduced to, and in seeming acquainted with, the friends of those who held his proxy. In this embarrassment the ladies had their share : they were most eager to be known to Graces, Most Nobles, Right Honourables, and to Baronets’ Ladies ; and, however mortifying it might be to them, it not unfre-



quently happened, that their guests passed them by with nodding plumes and distant looks, and never took the least notice of them. These were not the only slights; remarks and conversations were overheard, by no means flattering to those who had put themselves to great expense for persons who took not the least interest in them, and never made any return for their attentions. Some even cut them the next day,—overlooked them at the Opera, or made a half acknowledgment in the Park; whilst the banker and domestic company were straining their necks to an agony, lest they should pass by any great person who had been at their party.

Nothing could equal the ease and the elegance, the unceremonious and *dégagé* style of the titled proxies. “Oh! Colonel, by the by,” would say his Lordship, “will you come to a *négociant’s* party to-night? All our friends will be there. The supper will be admirable, for I took care to order it myself, and the man will be most proud to receive you. Here, if you

like, you may have half-a-dozen cards of invitation for yourself and friends." Then Lady Caro would stop a party of *beaux* with, "I want you to come to a man's parties which I patronize; he is a banker, but a very civil fellow; I order every thing my own way there, and I will invite whom you like to meet you." Here a Guardsman would attract her Ladyship's eye, and make a great favour of coming to the *bourgeois*' party. "I don't know the man, but I'll go to oblige you," would he say. Then she would beckon a Lancer, and invite him as if to her own party; or she would engage a Tenth Hussar (i. e. one of the Tenth Hussars) to dance with some friend of hers, who would deign to accept the *invite* (as it is sometimes sillily called) under conditions. "Well, if I must, I must, but it's *à condition* that you will not expect me to hold conversation with the *she* banker, nor put me at table near *the* family; not expect me to dance with any city people, nor to be bored with Monsieur.

Pray could not I go there without knowing the man at all? And I say, will you vouch for the quality of the fellow's wines? for I was poisoned with a glass of spurious Tokay at a Knight's trumpery turn-out last week, and I swore that I never would go to half-fashionables any more; but this once, if you like, I shall quite consider myself your guest."

These little scenes, so *flattering* to a man entertaining politely and extravagantly, were very common: nay, even (so hard is the fate of those who give parties by proxy) in the very interior of the place of expense, the greatest indifference was manifested towards the party entertaining.

"Whose stranger are you, Sir George?" said Colonel Manly to his friend.

"Lady Caro's."

"And do you know the *homo* who gives the party?"

"Not I, unless it be the little mean-looking man near the door."

“ Oh ! that ’s not him ; he is a better-looking *article of commerce* than that. I know him by sight, but have not spoken to him yet. I suppose I must by and by, for form’s sake.”

“ Let me tell you,” interrupted a third, “ that he is a very decent fellow : I shall patronize him all the season ; his suppers are first-rate affairs, and he is not in the least troublesome. If he sees his house full of fashion, he is contented ; and we all do what we please, and bring whom we choose. I myself am one of Lord —’s invitation, and I have brought two more *sans façon*.”

Little aware of this, the weak ambitious man, overpowered by the Peerage, the name of every Earl, Countess, Viscountess, Baron, and Right Honourable Lady echoing in his ear, was grateful to humiliation to his titled proxies, who thus took the trouble of inviting for him, and of dictating to him what he ought to do, and whom he ought to welcome to his house : and upon one particular occasion he came up to his directing patron, and numbly said, “ My Lord, I am truly indebted to you for the assemblage

of rank and fashion which you have drawn to my house to-night; I am quite overpowered by my feelings; and all that I can add is, that no pains or expense shall be spared on my part to merit a continuance of your favour." My Lord smiled, or rather grinned horribly a ghastly smile, for he is the ugliest *smiler* we know; and patting him on the back, as he would have done to his mouse-coloured Arabian, and which same patting, or rubbing down, is quite a legitimate practice, coming into fashion, it being purely Scotch, he assured him of his perfect approbation, and promised to bring him twice as many people to his next party, as there were present on that, which caused so great a sensation. The ladies of the bank presented their duties to the Right Honourable Directress, and were quite *emues* at being brought into such notice.

Thus continued the winter parties; and our reader will naturally ask, what was the end of them? The answer will not surprise them—a bankruptcy!—There are, nevertheless, a number of party-givers of the self-same stamp; and

although their fortunes may enable them to carry on this trading under neutral colours, yet they meet with another kind of bankruptcy—that of the heart, where disappointment, humiliation, neglect, and ridicule, will lacerate it in its most feeling part; for where passion swells, the agony of disappointment is severe indeed.

Minor maniacs (for this party-giving and money-spending per proxy is a complete mania) have a fashionable director or directress upon a lesser scale, who order every thing for them, who regulate their expense, and who make such recommendations and introductions as suffice to serve all their tradespeople, and to feast all their friends.

Dependence is a word: we all depend on each other; but the dependence of the ambitious and ignorant man is greater and far more abject than that of the great man's private secretary, toad-eater, or companion, because the probability is, that the latter have a degree of mind which might support them; the others are



cyphers on the *town's-page*, which require something before them to make them count at all. A certain yacht-keeping Lord is one of these cyphers; but who, when played upon by an expert and able hand, is brought into notoriety, and sometimes into disgrace. Of this stamp are the young setters-up of four-horse turns-out: but for a proxy on the box, to vote for them and think for them, they would be passed by as horse-dealers, head coachmen, or assistants turning out with the break to air their master's cattle; but the proxy on the box always manages to point out the road to notoriety and expenditure, under the title of celebrity and fashion.

That tigers and companions should live by such inefficient beings, is not astonishing; but that the peerage should hold the proxies of the commonalty, and make a convenience and place of entertainment for their acquaintances, is not so easily explained, as a matter of propriety or decorum. But it is an amusement to the great, *et c'est assez dire*. Much more on the

subject of acting *per alterum* might be said :— our *malades imaginaires*, who could not live without Doctor Placebo ; our sticks at the bottoms of tables, the honours of which are conducted *per alterum* ; senators who would be mutes if words were not put into their mouths ; and high functionaries, whose weighty duties could never be done but by deputy, and whose family and domestic concerns are conducted in the same way. The proxies and substitutes in all the first departments are *ad infinitum* ; but those who officiate at banquets and lay out the money either of ambitious tools or prodigals, have the advantage of being very different from all other substitutes or vicegerents ; for they gain all the credit, share all the pleasure, without any responsibility or expense, and are looked up to and adulated for the trouble which they take. Such affairs might fill a volume, but the concerns of the Greenlaw family call us to another chapter.

## CHAPTER II.

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FAMILY AFFAIRS.—A MORNING CALL.—SCANDAL.

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“ Con arte ed inganno  
Se scapa la meta de l’anno,  
Con inganno e con arte  
Si scapa l’altra parte.”

ITALIAN PROVERB.

“ Il n’y a rien beau que le vrai,  
Le vrai seul est aimable.”

BOILEAU.

LADY GERTRUDE was arrived, her head full of projects. She had a husband to get knighted, that was certain; he had the address in his pocket, and the matter was concluded in a few days. She had the spring, or rather spring and summer *campagne* to open; for great folks so-

journ in London until the spring-flowers perish,  
and until the rose is overblown, and, alas! it  
is so full often in more senses than one, for

“Così la virginel ’e qual gentil rosa.”

She had made all the necessary arrangements for this important business. She next had her son to marry *off*;\* and this required much care, inquiry, and deliberation. Previous, however, to all this, she had old Lady Claver to call upon, to put her *au courant* as to what was going on. This Lady Claver, previous to her marriage with the Reverend Sir Bartholomew Claver, who, honest man! was no more, bore the family name of Pry: a large family, descended from Farly Pry, Esq. of Clatter Hall, in the county of Essex—some wags even traced the lineal descent from Adam and Eve, and asserted that

\* We know not why the word *off* is so general. We presume, however, that parents marry their children off to get rid of them, as the late Right Honourable Secretary Windham talked of men killed off, doubtless for the same purpose of *getting rid* of them.

from first to last the female part of that family was always for finding out some secret that could do them, and all about them, nothing but harm. Be that as it may, it was a very essential point for Lady Gertrude to learn all the "*on dits*" of the day; and nowhere could she accomplish that from a more able hand than from Lady Claver's, for, so fond was Lady Claver of these reports, that she would have made some of her own, had she not found them *ready-made*.

The first scene of the town-drama opened with an affectionate interview between Lady Gertrude and her only son. We may imagine an impassioned scene, interlarded with French; for so is every affair since the Peace, so that a dressy Miss, with *papillotes* in her head and a gown of French manufacture, and who has been to *see the world* at Boulogne and Calais, yet whose trade fixes her to a counter in the Borough or in the good city of London, cannot sell a pound of sausages, or a bit of bacon, (papa being a cheesemonger and vender of

pork, eggs, etcetera,) without, as we have already observed, interlarding with *un petit peu de Français*, generally accented a *pitty pew*; nor can we find a red-armed Dolly the maid of all work, but who has had the advantage of accompanying her young mistress to Calais, Boulogne, Gravelines, or Dunkirk, without a mouthful of French to miscall, and to disturb the gravity of her auditors. She is going to air *mumzel's shimmy*, or to fetch her *catchmere*; she thanks you with *bean oblidgy*; and cannot go on an errand without putting on a Frenchified cap and her *shawl*. How we are improved since we had a bell and a savage to represent *la belle Sauvage*; a bull and a mouth, for *Boulogne mouth*, i. e. the entrance or mouth of the harbour; and when even our gentry lived in *Mar-row-bone*, purporting to be the parish or street of St. Marie la bonne! But these are the advantages of the Peace—these the effects of the commonalty aping the quality.

Lady Gertrude no sooner heard her son's



name announced, which one of her liverymen, a foreigner, pronounced *Hair-bare*, meaning Herbert, (which was enough to make a plain English person's hair stand on end, and to render the name unbearable,) than she exclaimed. “ *Qu'il vienne, mon enfant chéri, mon fils !*” *Oui Milady*, and in a moment behold him arrive and fly to her embrace. “ My dearest Herbert, what an age since we met ! truly delighted to see you !” And the reader may divine the rest—how well he looked ! had he breakfasted ? (at 4 P.M.) *certainement non*—how many conquests had he made ? (a natural question to a soldier, but not in the parishes of St. James's and St. George's, Hanover Square)—she had heard of his flirtation with Lady Lydia, and she hoped that he had got acquainted with all *la première noblesse* ; but whatever was left undone, her introduction and splendid parties would accomplish. The greeting betwixt father and son was short, but sincere on father's part, who, *soit dit en passant*, was only considered as an affectionate father and an honest

man by the *fils unique* ; and these qualifications he had been taught to hold, like all other home-made articles, cheap, though durable. “How are you, Herbert?—give me your hand. I hope you have been happy, for you see I have spared no expense to make you so.” “*Infiniment obligé*, my dear Sir.” Here terminated the colloquy.—The Lady Mother was for repairing immediately to Lady Claver’s; but her son informed her that he had matter of moment for her secret ear, and it was arranged that she should stay at home all the morning, for the purpose of consulting together.

Lady Gertrude’s love for her son (a love in which the dose of female pride was very strong) was such, that she not only spoiled him in infancy and in his boyish days, but she was quite prepared to be the apologist of all his errors, provided they were fashionable ones, in the season of his manhood. His squandering away thousands she anticipated; his gaming she dreaded, but if he lost large sums to a duke it would be all well; if he had *les égaremens du cœur*, it was

no more than might be expected, *c'était de son age* ;—had he a carriage-lady, or became a *protector* (a name doubtless derived from the era of the *common-wealth*, and the days of Cromwell) why, if all was splendid and added to his notoriety, it must be passed over, and *no doubt* he would see his error in time—pension off the *Aspasia* of the day (by a wife's fortune, if his own was gone,) and make a grand family alliance : all these things are *bagatelles* in the *grand monde*. This was her maternal tenderness, or rather her maternal blindness.

Now her darling had none of these *confidences à faire* ; but merely to state to her, as briefly as possible, his entanglement with the dashing widow, and to seek counsel on that head. Mother and son were therefore to be closeted, a cabinet council was to be held ; but, just as awful silence was about to be proclaimed, her Ladyship bethought herself, and ejaculated :—  
“ *Apropos*, my dear Herbert, have I got the same box at the Opera as I had last season ? ”

“ The very identical one.”

“ And my new carriage ?”

“ The admiration of the Acre.”

“ Then all ’s well ! Now to this serious matter —we ’ll go to the Opera together to-night, and you will see me in the Park on Sunday : *allons commençons.*” Monsieur *Hair-bare* (not *bare-face*) disposed of his story as briefly as possible, until he came to the widow’s fate, and then a little time and ceremony were necessary.

Lady Gertrude prided herself on her son’s having cut out so many right honourable and honourable *beaux* in Lady Lydia’s circle ; and had a little secret (we dare not say womanish) satisfaction in seeing the most elegant coquette of the age, not merely angling for a rich husband, but *éprise de bonne foie* : the alliance would have pleased her amazingly. The lady’s difficulties she was unacquainted with, and, had she known them, they would not have stood in the way of a noble alliance, provided every thing

else suited her ; but there were objections which were insurmountable. Lady Lydia was not only a widow, but she never had had any family by Colonel Languish : it was true, *disait-on*, that he was old enough to be her father ; but then, should her ladyship not perpetuate the race of Greenlaw, what a falling off would be there !—no heir in the male line to the entailed property, no chance of the dormant baronetcy—a subject which never was at rest with her. Finally, he might get a younger bride and titled too. The match must be broken off, but it was to be done in a *manière comme il faut*, great delicacy must be used : she must pay her *devoirs* to Lady Lydia in person ; she would even go to her parties ; but her son must not marry her. This was a decided point, and in one shape suited our hero ; but still the fatal letter required a deal of weighing : he was delicate on many points, his heart was not at ease, he stood not quite blameless *in foro conscientiæ* ; he must attend her

evening party, after passing an hour in Lady Gertrude's box; he must frame an answer, a thing not easy when a man means to temporize instead of giving his *ultimatum*, the thing required in the able, impassioned, and artful document.

All that could be effected was, to patch up a written reply full of flattery and adoration, ceaseless regrets, and interminable sufferings; to paint a heart broken but not estranged, severed but still attached, widowed without having been united; and at the same time to lay all the *onus* of blame on his lady-mother, and to hope that time might bring oblivion with it to the soft bosom of his enchantress, and that he alone might bear with fortitude the envenomed shaft: —the tenderest friendship might perhaps succeed to the most ardent passion. The rest was not “—— all but leather and prunella,” but was Italian poetry, or French quackery: a bleeding heart stood in imagery for a seal, the billet was highly perfumed—sweet fellow! and he

dropped a drop of water on the superscription—

*The Lovely Lydia.*

(Why not?) &c. &c. &c.

which was the counterfeit proxy for a tear ; and with this master-piece in his pocket, he dined with composure, drank a bottle with father to bear his courage up, accompanied mamma to her opera-box, fluttered a full hour in fop's-alley ; and, lastly, made his appearance at one o'clock at Lady Lydia's illuminated mansion. So much must be said of Lady Lydia's party, that it cannot be brought on and got off hastily—we will therefore call upon Lady Claver in the interim.

Lady Claver knew that her friend was arrived in town, from the motions in high life published in the fashionable morning papers. She took in three ; the one for this and all other fashionable notices, the Times for the advertisements, and the Chronicle for its politics. To find fault

was her delight; nothing could amuse her more than to assure her that the state was in immediate danger, and the nation ruined; even the police-reports had a certain zest for her, for there she saw Lord Oldborough in a watch-house scrape, and had to condole with a neighbour for a case of assault on a constable being brought against her husband, and she had the rare enjoyment of passing two hours in descanting on the immorality of the age. The reporters were her best friends, because they always gave the highest varnish and colouring to scandal and criminality; and when the case reported was simple and uninteresting, still a laugh might be squeezed out of it; and when evil report could neither kill nor wound, ridicule might. Now by this ridicule nobody would be injured but the party set up as a mark for contempt or irony, and perchance a few who were near or dear to her, him, or them; whereas thousands would be tickled and made merry at the poor devil's expense, and



might enjoy the *brotherly* feeling of pointing the finger of scorn at the party, or of knowing that there were men in all degrees liable to drunkenness, riot, vice, folly, quarrelling, and other breaches of the peace, as well as themselves. Lady Claver being asked one day if she knew Lord Oldborough, replied, “Only by the police-reports.” How witty and feminine! The advertisements had for her Ladyship a charm quite peculiar to herself: she did not want any thing for herself or her friends, but she liked to see who were letting their houses, parting with their carriages and horses, selling the furniture of their cellars or libraries, and the like, so that she might exclaim “The game is up with the West India family in Harley Street. I knew it would be so—such extravagance (of which she would have partaken)—it could not last. And now, you see, their house is to be let furnished, and they must vegetate in country quarters in some cheap county, or go back again to their filthy blacks. Marry! it must

have taken a deal of sugar and rum to pay for Madam's jewels." Or, "Six grey horses, together with a town coach and a German barouche to be disposed of: inquire at Gloucester Mews." "Oh! I know whose they are—Mrs. Algernon Sydney's. That comes of the weekly parties, and the fancy balls! I wonder if she ever paid Mr. Spavin, the horse-dealer, for the horses. I'll ask him, *'pon honour*."

She was seated at a table covered with cards, visiting or others, with her poor dear first husband's portrait over the mantelpiece, which was almost encumbered with ornamental knick-knacks. She had a splendidly embroidered work-bag on her table, a silver inkstand before her, an Italian greyhound on a silk cushion at her feet, and a profusion of flowers in every corner of the room. This was a set-out for her morning visitors. Her Ladyship was at home to the day calls of such as knew not how to fill up these hours of idleness otherwise than by culling the poisonous sweets of scandal,

which nourish the detractors who live upon them. The cards before her were few of invitation, for she was seldom invited out; but she belonged to a *coterie* of titled gossips, grown *grey* in the service, and now had joined the *wig* interest, in order to give a new *colouring* to the *head* and *front* of their offending; and thus she never wanted coffee-drinking, morning calling, and dull rout-giving companions. The other billets and cards on the table were “returning thanks for *kind* inquiries,” (as if Lady Claver ever made a kind inquiry in her life;) apologies for not being able to attend her parties; and names sent *per* empty coach, in return for her ladyship’s unwelcome visits, which she made to a host of titled connexions, as she used to call them, but who cut the connexion on a very short acquaintance.

She flew to meet Lady Gertrude, and was more than happy to see her. “The young Captain,” cried she, “has been going on finely;

he is quite the fashion, all the ladies running after him : he is remarked as the faithful swain of Lady Lydia ; he must be a bold man, however, who takes her, ha ! I say, what do you say to the matter ? would you like her for a daughter-in-law ? But is it true that your son has spent ten thousand pounds in these few last weeks ?”

“ Very likely,” replied Lady Gertrude, “ for he has it to spend. As for the match in question, it requires a second thought.”

“ Oh ! yes, second thoughts are best. And how does your quiet good man like all this expense and bustle ? I dare say he would rather have stayed at home. Never were two people more unlike than he and you ; but marriages, they say, are made in Heaven, or (archly) somewhere else.”

Here was a *good-natured* preface to a morning’s scandal : her friend arrives, and she wants to inform her of her son’s extravagance, to

mar a reported match, and to excite the wife to look down on her husband!

In the first and second instance she failed: the son's extravagance was warranted and sanctioned: without it, Lady Gertrude imagined that he could not reach the pinnacle of fashionable renown: the reported marriage was already disposed of, merely on the score of succession; and as Lady Gertrude ascended the staircase of Lady Claver's house, she just bethought herself of a Baroness in her own right, whose title went in the female line. It is true, that she looked as if she had been made by one of Nature's journeymen, and not made well; for there was a trifling error on one side (not kindly corresponding with the other), which seemed to announce a partial independence of the right, at variance with the sinister views of the left; so that what the right side did, the left side scarcely knew: nevertheless, youth was in favour of the Baroness. But just as Lady Ger-

trude was calculating the *pour et contre*, she found herself at Lady Claver's room-door.

The third attempt was not null and void, but neutral. Lady Gertrude had long considered her husband as a *bon homme*, and that speaks volumes; the Squire's fortune captivated her. He was the best of husbands; they had three children, two of them died, and left a *fils unique*. The father saw nothing beyond being a good husband and father, a good neighbour and easy landlord, and a capital shot; in London he was like a fish out of water. He might have been in Parliament if he chose, but the attendance on the House would have been the greatest restraint to him: hundreds of times had he received curtain lectures for this absence of ambition, and as often he had been upbraided for his supineness, yet he still calmly pursued the noiseless tenor of his way, until the heir came to years of maturity, and then the dream of ambition was awakened again.

These attempts having failed, Lady Ger-

trude drew from her oracle all the general scandal of the day, and was about to go, when Mrs. Blight (not Mrs. Bligh,—no connexion with the house over the way) was announced by Lady Claver's groom of the chambers.

(Mrs. Blight.) “ Your servant, Lady Gertrude; happy to see you in town; you have brought your healthful looks from the country with you, and I declare you have grown quite young. The Hermit Abroad (a sly mischievous fellow, by the way, whom I hate and fear) says, ‘ O ! que les *miroirs* sont changés !’ but your Ladyship has no such thing to fear” (to Lady Claver.) “ How do, my dear *friend* !!!” (What misnomer ! the coterie was any thing but a society of *friends*.) “ How like that picture is !”

(Lady Claver.) “ Ay, poor dear man ! there he is in his gown.”

(Mrs. Blight.) “ Preaching, no doubt, against *calumny*.”

(Lady C.) “ Humph !” — (in continuation)

“He ought to have been a Bishop, if he had had his deserts. I thought it would have been so when I married him, but kissing goes by favour.”

(Mrs. Blight.) “For which reason some people (*ironically*) can expect none.”

Lady Gertrude smiled, Lady Claver bit her lip.

(Mrs. B. to the former.) “You see our *dear* friend goes on in the old way,—pointed in her remarks, but incoherent in her arrangement of them. I should like to know what connexion there can be betwixt kissing and a mitre? They say that women will talk of what runs in their head; but surely my old friend,—no, that cannot be—*à votre age* and”—she added no more, but wished the *hiatus* to be filled up by “*et avec votre visage*”—“ha, ha, ha! too bad.” (*Exit* Lady Gertrude.)

It is strange, but not less true, that as thieves cannot always be true to each other, so robbers of reputation can scarcely refrain from pulling each other to pieces: this was the only pot-luck



of Lady Claver's house, barring scandal; it was perpetual Lent at her parties.

“Corvi con corvi non si cavan' mai gli occhi,”

says the crafty Italian: but the birds of prey of Scandal's nest only make this difference between their associates and other acquaintance, —the latter they destroy outright, of the former they only pick a bit, so as to cause a smarting, which is deemed very *smart* indeed, or to leave a nakedness as an opening to the ridicule of those who witness the spirited scene.

When Lady Gertrude was out of sight, they both had a pull at her character.

“How fond that woman is of flattery!”

“Therefore, you laid it on thick,” quoth Lady Claver.

“True, and she must be blind to believe what I said to her; she looks as old as the hills, in spite of all her art; she breaks daily, and *par contre-coup*, I think she will break her husband before she has done. There is a strange story

already about one of his estates, brought on, too, in a very singular manner, of all which I am determined to get the particulars; but, as I said before, she will dish the poor country gentleman, now knighted from her ambition. I declare, this is such trumpery, by way of getting a name! this job of ruin will not be very long about, unless Opium and Madeira despatch her first."

Admirable!—The affairs of their neighbours were now all settled by these *innocent* dears. It was decided that Lady Reversie's Sunday parties were mere subscription-rooms; that Lady Rosemount's\* was nothing but an assignation shop, like the confectioners' and fruiters' at the West end of the town; that Lady Lydia was no better than she ought to be; that

\* In a former part of this work we announced an elopement from a certain house in high life, which it was our intention to revert to; but since we have gone to press, we have learned that the titled father of one of the parties has taken the matter so much to heart, that we abstain from naming it again.

Lady Gertrude was on *the go*, her son a madman, and her husband an old fool; that the beautiful Marchioness in a certain square was now nothing but false complexion, *postiche* eyebrows, *vagrant* curls, and *makes-up*; that the Gloucestershire Baronet's daughter suffered the agony of the stocks in her corset; and that Madame San Florenzo has turned quite a porpoise:—and with this laying down of the land, they separated, each to take a frugal dinner, and to collect at an evening party the materials for extensive calumny. For these respectable ladies culled from every flower of Fashion, with double the industry of the bee, not all its sweets, but every bitter and biting ingredient; or rather ought we to say, like the viper, they fed and were nourished on poisonous materials, which they lodged in a receptacle near the tongue, ready to *bespatter*, defile, blight, and poison the victims of their garrulity; nor were they aware of being any otherwise employed than in amusing themselves and their numerous auditors. Off they

went ; and those may tremble who are to be the next living subjects of their dissection, whose frailties and foibles are to encounter the sharp edge of their cutting instrument, and whose trifling defects, whether mental or corporeal, natural or acquired, innocent or blameworthy, are to be pulled to pieces by these expert and expeditious female anatomizers : and *entre nous*, fashionable reader, the dissection of the living must be as much more cruel and criminal than that of the dead, as the stealing of honour and reputation is more abominable and unpardonable than the mere abduction of a jewel or a purse, a pocket-book or (not a *ridicule* but) a reticule.

## CHAPTER III.

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A PORTRAIT.—A SAD LOVE-TALE.—LADY GERTRUDE'S HOUSE OPENED FOR THE SEASON IN THE SQUARE.

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“ Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.”

HORAT.

“ Amor è un certo che, che delirar' mi fa.”

OLD SONG.

EVERY lady of *bon ton* will agree with us, that the duty and prohibition on different articles of dress enhance the merit of them in their eyes ; and Rousseau was so well aware of this truth, that in his preface to his *Eloisa*, he warns the female reader against perusing that dangerous work. Now there is not a publisher's

puff, direct or indirect, which ever emanated from the Row,\* or any other place of editorial celebrity, which could possibly act as so great a stimulus to a peruser or purchaser: we therefore warn every lady-reader, who has ever been in love, or at a meeting of scandal-mongers, to shut up and pass by this Chapter, to *turn over a new leaf*, and to resume another subject; else may she find her own story with only the change of name, or stumble upon that same tormenting love which makes the wise man foolish, and the weak one downright mad; not to mention its dire effect upon fine feelings, gentle manners, feminine delicacy, and exquisite sensibility. And first, ye loquacious ladies, whatever be your rank, whose biforked tongues are charged with envy or uncharitableness, close this portion of the volume, which contains Lady Claver's portrait, taken from life.

\* Doubtless *the Row* is as intelligible to men and women of letters as *the Acre* is to gentlemen coachmen and carriage-fanciers.

Lady Claver, who was a Pry, lived single until she came near to her fortieth summer. The young men were afraid to venture on her, and the old ones looked upon her as *trop fanée*. A worthy Clergyman considered her family interest as very likely to advance him in his profession, and, being a poor Curate, and a poorer Baronet, he took his chance for better for worse; beauty was not his object, as will be seen, and the family interest vanished into smoke. Her stature was gigantic, her forehead low; small grey eyes, full of fire and cunning, illumined a pale face, in the centre of which stood a sharp nose; her hair was of the colour of old mown hay, but neither it nor her breath could boast of its perfume; her mouth opened like that of the John Bull office, and was just as full of mischief; her chin was like the inferior part of an egg; her ears not long, but wide, as if to take in all the reports current; and she had the *organ of Destructiveness* pronounced in a most terrifying manner. Her hair

was lank, but, as she never produced it except under what she called a *paresseuse*, purporting that she wore artificial hair to save the trouble of curling her own, the matter was of little consequence : a false front is very common now-a-days ; but her Ladyship had it front and rear, *good soul* ! She never had any family ; maternity, that gentle tie which makes an amiable woman both loving and beloved, which adds to the estimable wife the tender and exemplary mother, was unknown to her ; she was far above such homespun stuff, and posterity may be grateful to her for it. The general expression of her face was cunning grafted upon cruelty, and pride entwined with meanness.

Fearful, yet anxious too, our hero proceeded to his engagement at Lady Lydia's. He had the *chef-d'œuvre* in his bosom ; it was to be given at the close of the scene, previous to his taking French leave, so that it could not be read until the party broke up ; and that moment he dreaded. In the intermediate space he had



to *faire l'aimable* as much as possible; and if any hint was thrown out upon the subject, he must look downcast and interesting, and observe that the eye of curiosity was upon them. These shifts are of *major* importance (no allusion to the army) to studied flirts; and by the aid of them he got through the business of the *day*, for such it was when he first entered her Ladyship's mansion.

The house was crowded to excess: *tant mieux*, it aided his difficulties, and made the coming to close quarters impossible. All passed off successfully; the party was every thing that fashion could accomplish and *bon goût* could invent. Lady Lydia was a star resplendent with the lustre of rich jewels and much attractiveness, to which the simplicity of Maria's costume gave additional effect, surrounded by a galaxy of beauty. Yet the fair widow held her pre-eminence amongst them: when she moved, she was all gracefulness; when she was seated, she seemed to *reign*. Her court (if so we may call

it) was very brilliant ; legions of unsuccessful suitors followed her every motion ; and so well did she do the honours of the *fête*, that even the envious were won over to her praise. All the cream of her acquaintance was gathered together ; every one accepted her invitation to the *impromptu*,\* except the county member : he felt himself slighted, ill used, hoaxed, and had a thousand reasons for absenting himself, and for breaking with her Ladyship for ever. The widow was in high spirits, as well as in her best looks, because she thought herself still irresistible, and because she imagined that she discovered in the looks of the man of her heart the corresponding ardour of affection, and she mistook dubiety and self-accusation for timidity and precaution.

The titled list at the party was like a Gazette at the commencement of a war ; and to

\* We need scarcely remind our readers, that the pleasantest parties, got up without long notice, are thus called.

add to the high birth, breeding, and good appearance of the assembly, the *Gardes* were there in great number, together with all the absentees of *the Tenth*, and two or three tandems full of Lancers from Hounslow. The music of the party was good, and the general harmony uninterrupted. There existed great rivalry amongst those who wished to be foremost in their attentions to the mistress of the mansion, and this produced an additional *eclat*.

We said there was a strong muster of the Guards: amongst them were,

Colonel Lord D——, a Ulysses in fine address and military skill, and a perfect man of fashion; and Colonel Sir H. H.: both decorated, and bearing a brighter jewel in the bosom than on the coat.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir M. M. G., another star of bright fame.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir J. H., K. C. B. promising in talent, and truly *Hope-ful* to his country.

Two Colonels of the old, popular, and well-

deserving names of W—ford and Fairmantle, Companions of the Bath, and brave companions in arms.

Sir Willoughby ———, who was an elegant of the first magnitude in his younger days, and an excellent officer at all times.

And lastly, a certain *brave*, who commands not far from the Tagus, and who is an ornament to the drawing-room, and a credit to his profession.

At supper, his Grace of ——— was from his rank placed on her right hand, and young John, son of Sir Francis Budget, occupied the left: he gained his post by a *forward* motion, which brought him right in front. Greenlaw was not far distant, and returned her signal of regret for the distance between them, by an elevation of the shoulders, indicative of resignation, and a sigh, to take its chance, which he cleared off into a short cough, in order to deceive his neighbour, Countess San Florenzo, on the one hand, and the lobsided Baroness on the other.

*La Comtesse* knew better ; and *la Baronne* hoped it was for herself, the inequalities of her shape being *quite done away with* by her accomplished dress-maker.

Nothing could have better favoured the views of the gay deceiver. After supper a Spanish nobleman tuned his lyre, and thus sang, whilst every eye was turned on her whose gracefulness so beamingly filled the chair, and (*whose*) beauty (*hung*) upon the wings of night

“ Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop’s ear.”

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### THE SONG.

A LOS OJOS DE FILIS.

I.

A tus hermosos ojos  
No hay alma que resista  
Y presa de tu vista  
No se muera de amor.  
Que hermosa Filis eres  
Si fueres mas humana  
Y ardieras en la llama  
En que me abraso yo.

## II.

Tierno afecto se anida  
 Dentro tus ojos bellos,  
 Y viene en torno de ellos  
 Con blanda risa amor.  
 Que hermosa Filis eres, etc.

## III.

De tus divinos ojos  
 La llama luminosa  
 Brilla en tu faz hermosa :  
 Qual en oriente el sol.  
 Que hermosa Filis eres, etc.

## TRANSLATION.

## I.

'Gainst thine enchanting eyes  
 Our love has no control ;  
 They seize us by surprise,  
 And captivate the soul.  
 Yet, Phillis, thou wouldst be  
 Still lovelier than thou art,  
 If pity glow'd in thee  
 For my consuming heart.

## II.

Yet love can all the while  
 Within those orbits dwell ;  
 And grace in each warm smile,  
 Give power to the spell.  
 Yet, Phillis, thou wouldst be, etc.

## III.

The sun at break of day  
More brightly cannot shine,  
Than the resplendent ray  
Within those eyes divine.  
Yet, Phillis, thou wouldst be, etc.

The last verse was most particularly appropriate ; it gained universal applause :

“ The sun at break of day,”

actually had made its appearance ; and the Spanish song was followed by an Exquisite’s being called upon for

“ Fly not yet :”

the magnetic part of which (because it pleased and spoke to all the ladies) was :—

“ When did Phœbus ever break,  
And find such beaming eyes awake  
As those that sparkle here ;  
Oh, stay ! oh, stay !

At this convenient juncture the young Guardsman recollected the wings of love, and betook himself to them.

D 2

Sleep he got none, all was not right within : he dreaded an answer to his last communication, yet silence bespeaking contempt or the last state of despair, would have been still worse. He rose at half an hour after noon, a much earlier period than usual, except when military duty forced him from his downy pillow—one o'clock struck, two, three, and no reply. In one part of her mandate for her lover's *ultimatum*, something was said about flying from the world : had she fled ? and what was the interpretation to be put on that phrase ? The horses were ordered, but he could not ride ; the four-horse turn-out, he was not in a mood for driving ; Bramblewood had called, but he could not see him ; Lady Gertrude had sent for him to consult upon some matter of taste, he could not attend ; a second messenger, he would not obey, although her splendid house was to be thrown open for the first time that night :—all would not do.

At length a splendid livery, hung on a foot-



man six feet high, was seen at the hall-door; and he was the messenger of the momentous tidings, which were delivered by the French valet. He attempted to speak—" *Un autre fois*," said his master; "yet stop; no, go." He endeavoured to open the *enveloppe*, his hand failed him, it shook; he sat down, a cambric handkerchief chased the big drops of cold perspiration from his brow; he rang the bell, which was answered by an English footman—"Richard, send the butler." He came. "Sack, (such was his name, whether from the rich liquor of that name, or the verb to sack, is not decided,) "Sack, pour me out—"

"What, sir?"

"A glass of Madeira—no, some liqueur—no, some *Eau d'or*," [the man hesitated] "Dantzic brandy—and be—hanged to you!"

It was swallowed, and the blood returned to his blanched cheek: he opened the window, drew the sofa to it, took the air and courage

together. He broke the seal and read : it began thus—

“ I do not weep ! the springs of tears are dried :  
And of a sudden I am calm, as if  
All things were well.”

“ The language of reproach is unknown to me, Herbert; and were it otherwise, it would avail me nothing. He who could deceive as you have done, will naturally be deaf to all expostulation, dead to all honourable or retributive justice. That you are under no promise to me, I am ready to avow; but there are injuries deeper than broken vow or violated promise : these I have experienced. You have led me on, like a victim to be immolated, through flowery precipices, and roses double-armed with thorns ; and when you found that the charm of my existence was concentrated in your society, you then (triumphing in the pride of conquest) cast me off to the derision and scorn of those who would have been proud to have worn my chains. Believe me, Herbert, that female pride

is like the jealousy inseparable from love—when one is wounded, the other must perish. *Brisons la.* To your own conscience I leave you—exult, if you can, in the ruin of her who ‘loved not wisely but too well’—tell to your companions the victory which you have had over the affections of her who was once the envy of her own sex and the admiration of yours. I shall not be long within the reach either of your contempt or the world’s offensive pity—fare thee well!—and when thou canst repent, think on

## THE LOST LYDIA.

“P.S. The rhapsody of assumed regret and pretended sensibility, contained in your letter, is too flimsy not to be seen through by a less penetrating eye than mine: it is the gauze which covers the deformity of the mind. Once more, and for the last time, farewell—farewell for ever! I was for a moment calm, but this is too much:—reply will come too late:—I’m gone.”

“And with you,” said he, in a subdued tone, “all that made town enchanting to me; all pride, pomp, pleasure, emulation, triumph, the oblivion of care, and the amusement of my life. I have ill-used this lady, although no seduction or criminal cause of accusation stares me in the face. I have acted dishonourably with her, merely to gratify my own vanity; and have all the while been carrying on a game of deceit with another woman, to whom I am so far engaged, that I have promised never to marry another.”

This self-accusation drove him to despair. What could be meant by quitting the world?—what reply could he make? If he offered his hand, it might be rejected, and his mother would be highly offended. But, worst of all, how could he extricate himself from his engagement with Emma? who, but for his mother’s ambition, ought to have been his wife? At one moment, all the tenderness and truth

which he felt in his youth for this amiable creature, returned to his lacerated breast; at another, an aching void seemed to inform him that the lost society of the ruined enchantress left him miserable and solitary in the gay circle in which he had lately delighted so much.

The Butler came from Lady Gertrude to say that dinner was waiting: he sent her word, that he was so ill that he must lie down for a few hours. Another messenger with a billet, "Should she come to him? At what hour would he attend her party? for he must be aware that without him all was lost; for him it was given, and he must make an effort well or ill." His answer was, that he would commit violence on himself, and endeavour to be there at midnight. *En attendant*, he flung himself on his bed. There is a repose of the body, the effect of mental fatigue, which is often mistaken for calm and undisturbed sleep. Criminals frequently enjoy this on the eve of exe-

cution—'tis, at all events, a kind gift of Nature, although it may have fatal consequences. Such, for an hour, did the flirting and heart-trifling with culprit obtain; but soon the tale of every ruined and heart-broken dame rose in dreams before him. Dido and Calypso were foremost in the ranks; and with their forms before his dazzled eyes, he started up, dinnerless, at eight o'clock.

“Send for Mr. Bramblewood,” were his first orders after ringing his bell; “if he is not at his lodgings, go to Brookes’s, and thence to Lord Sunbury’s; and lastly, if not found”—he hesitated—“knock gently and ask Lady Lydia’s porter if he knows where he is.”—“And, Robert, (his second footman,) put on plain clothes—don’t say that you came from me—and ask how her Ladyship does.”

The servant returned: he had been at Bramblewood’s lodgings, and was told that he left town at a very early hour, and it was

uncertain when he would return.—Another perplexity! Bramblewood was to have been at the opening of Lady Gertrude's house—how strange! What a state to be in, to meet all the town at night! to smile on those to whom the heart was indifferent, to say soft things to high-dressed dames, to help in doing the honours of the house!

Five hundred cards of invitation had been issued by his mother; every exertion had been made to give lustre and effect to the entertainment; the expenditure would be immense;—and there was no enjoyment in all this for the head of the family, the heir of promise, the *enfant gâté* of a too fond and too ambitious mother! And now, with a heavy heart, he drives up to his mother's gates: the thunders of coming visitors had already commenced; the whipping-up of coachmen to cut out a rival brother Coachee was already exhibiting; the house was like the description of the palace of the Sun in Ovid,

nothing but blaze and irradiation. The heir enters, and ascends the spacious staircase, after passing twenty servants in new full-dress liveries, backed by another score of hirelings out of place.



## CHAPTER IV.

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IN CONTINUATION.—MORE SCANDAL.

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“ There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And (*Britain's*) capital had gather'd then  
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.  
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage bell.  
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.”  
LORD BYRON.

SUCH was the interior of the splendid mansion :—the effect of the lights was almost overcoming, the mirrors multiplied and reflected the forms of lovely women, whose glossy ringlets

were interwoven with roses and other rich flowers, or whose polished foreheads bore the weight of stately plumes, whilst bosoms and shoulders, which put the Parian marble to shame, were adorned by the brightest jewels of the sparkling mine. Here an armlet glittered on what would have served for a model to the Grecian chisel ; there a second Belinda wore a sparkling cross,

“ Which saints might kiss and infidels adore.”

Facing one mirror stood a figure resembling a second Cleopatra, with tresses like the raven’s wing, contrasted with a glare of jewels ; and on her arm hung one like a sylph, in all the simplicity of youth and the maiden ornament of pearls, all smiles and dimples, uncertain colour, and softly breathing tints of health and feeling.

The mansion was converted into an ancient temple and a fairy land :—A grove diffused the perfume of the orange-tree and the myrtle, where a passage or corridor had stood before ;

the staircase was a complete conservatory, where geraniums, Persian lilacs, and the *camilla japonica*, were amongst the most ordinary flowering shrubs; the effect of perspective, together with vivid paintings and transparencies, created interminable gothic halls, cloisters, and armories; laurels and tropics decked well-chosen statues, and others were the bearers of choice burning odours and coloured lamps. Here the soft music of stringed instruments broke on the ear from its concealment; there a cave or grotto led to a repository for delicious refreshments. A number of handsome females (upper servants) habited as wood-nymphs, attended amongst fruits and flowers; and when the dulcet note of the harp and lyre had ceased, the ear was relieved by the striking up of a military band. The furniture was of the richest silks, with gold fringe, and one room was hung with the drapery of Indian shawls. The orchestra of the ball-room was clad in a superb uniform, invented by her Ladyship; whilst those who served at supper were habited

in green, magnificently embroidered with gold in imitation of Buonaparte's livery, her ladyship considering the family one as not sufficiently *tranchant*. In the midst of all this, the heart of young Herbert was sunk and icy cold; the adagio parts of music seemed like a love-plaint, the murmuring bass of other combinations of harmony had a sepulchral sound, and the thundering long drum of the military band struck like a death-knell on his ear. How many, too, had he seen at Lady Lydia's party! how often was her name repeated! "Did she not visit Lady Lydia?—Had he not seen her that morning?"

All this was torture. The company was composed of all the first names in town: great efforts were made to procure a royal duke, but they failed—all below that rank, however, was assembled under the gilded roof—serene highnesses, with princesses less serene; graces, where grace a stranger was; and grace again, where title did not exist; earls and countesses, *per* dozen—with lords and ladies out of number; the army

and the navy of the highest rank, and almost all the officers of the Coldstream,—a creditable muster of England's strength and comeliness, and the promising fruits for another war,—young hands, who have yet, like their brave predecessors, to get in the rich harvest of laurels. To these our young hero was peculiarly attentive, nor could they help remarking his lowered spirits and his altered looks.

In the centre of all this enchanting arrangement, Lady Gertrude plied her most assiduous attentions, habited in a robe of Brussels lace of great price, looped up with diamonds, and otherwise so covered by the product of Golconda, that she resembled a meteor. Of these many were hired, as was part of the profusion of plate, under which the day-break banquet groaned; but expense and trouble, art and contrivance, vanished before her efforts to outdo in this incipient display of the treasures of her house.—The knight, poor husband! he was indeed the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance,

for, in despite of all his efforts to appear pleased, he had fatigue, aridity, and apprehension, in his looks. He knew not a twentieth part of the party, and was so often produced to make his bow, that he got a stiff neck, and was confined to his bed for three days; nor did he even escape ungracious animadversion.—One Exquisite, who knew him not by sight, was heard, as he passed him, linked with a brother officer of the Tenth, to say in reply to—“Do you know the man of the house?”—“Not in the least; I don’t even know how the devil I came to get a card of invitation; but you see they can’t do without us in these parties.” Then, looking at self *en passant* in a six-feet mirror, “No bad let-off this—I wonder whether they’ll be able to repeat these concerns all the season?”

At this moment, a trio of spirited beauties surrounded young Greenlaw, and rallied him about Lady Lydia—

“What have you done with the widow?” said one.

“How can you exist without your *adorata*?” cried another.

And now his lady mother entreated him not to persist in his determination of not dancing. Three duke’s daughters were marked out for partners, and the Baroness in her own right. The last he positively rejected, but condescended to say, “Let me have a look at the others, and I’ll dance one quadrille with the handsomest.” They had but just come in from another party, and surpassed not in beauty: the introduction, however, took place, and he chose the youngest—the other two fell to the lot of the Guards in five minutes.

There was a time, indeed this was a time, when he would have been upon the tip-toe of anxiety to bear off either of the three at the dance, or to offer the well-turned arm at the *sortie* of a drawing-room or an opera; but now

Ambition had lost its lure, Vanity had struck her flag.

At supper our hero made a rally, and attempted to *faire l'aimable* to Lady Almira, his partner ; and when a portion of the supper-party retired, either to return home or to dance-in broad daylight and breakfast time, young Greenlaw, true to his corps, gathered a chosen band about him, and in abandonment of his usual habits, when Beauty bright kept him faithful to her standard, he joined a small man-party of *the* brigade, and dipped deep into the next twenty-four hours. Burnt Champagne, punch made of every thing which extravagance could invent, pine-apples, jellies, marmalade, Curaçoa, et cetera, hookars, hubble bubbles, the produce of the Havannah, devils, olives, incentives, and finally strong coffee, terminated the extraordinary sitting—the *séance extraordinaire* of the social band. Herbert seemed to court Bacchus and treat Venus with indifference : he had also come down the ladder of ambition prodi-



giously, and appeared rather to wish to be like other men, than to usurp a first-rank situation. His companions were unanimously of opinion that he never exhibited himself to so great advantage; he seemed to lean upon his regiment for comfort and support; and he did right. A well-organized regiment is a family, in which the honour, interest, comfort, and advancement of every officer are safe. The Guards, too, in particular, offer advantages nowhere else to be found; a young officer finds there not only a nursery for military heroes; but a class of youths of the highest quality, which may accompany him, and be of credit or utility to him through life.

Ere half the guests had closed their eyes in sleep, a flaming account of the party was in the columns of the morning prints. The supper attracted particular notice: it was *au possible*, and Lady Gertrude had done *l'impossible* to make it what it was. A streamlet meandering through banks of flowers, did not run down the table, as it

once did on an occasion of regal magnificence ; nor did golden quadrupeds bear bags of salt to supply the gorgeous feast ; but superb plateaux decorated the board, and a profusion of emblematical ornaments diverted the attention of the guests. All the *campagnes* of the Peninsula were represented in sugar ; and the confectioner also introduced the inauguration of Lord Byron amongst the immortals, after his passage across the Stygian lake. A novelty occurred in the salt-bearing line, namely, the substituting, in the place of common salt-cellars, golden figures of old women with a quantity of the digestive matter on their backs ; and as broad Scotch is all the rage, the charm of this invention hinged upon their being salt-WIVES, with the label issuing from their lips, “ Wha ’il buy sa’t ? ” and their having a *poke* upon their shoulders. More applause was gained by this than by the most tasteful arrangement of the whole entertainment. Had the spun-sugar, sweetmeats, frosting, colouring, &c. represented the most classical

emblems, it would all have been nothing to this happy allusion to the Modern Athens, to *Auld Reikee*: and had the label been in chaste, grammatical English, the novelty would have had no favour in the public eye; but the *poke* and the *sa't wife*\* made the thing palatable to the *bon goût* of the day, and may perhaps be coupled with the rage for the Scots' novels, and may yet form the subject of a review.

Upon the whole, this splendid throwing open of the gates of sumptuous hospitality gave universal satisfaction, and gained as general praise. Sir Omnium Allstock, the banker of the family, was alone in making an ill-natured remark, that this was a bad beginning, an over-doing of the thing: he calculated the articles from the green-house as equal to the fee-simple of one of the knight's farms; the confectionary would sweep away all the profits of his grass-land,

\* What an uxorious nation the Caledonians are! woman and wife are almost synonymous,---fish-wives, salt-wives, &c.

his corn would fly like chaff before the wind at sight of his wine-merchant's bill; the rest of the supper would amount to a quarter's rent from his tenants, and the decorations of the house would require the cutting down of all his timber fit for the axe.

The night's, or rather the morning's libations, had acted on the brain of our hero like a strong opiate; sleep, which otherwise might have flown from his pillow, clothed him in her sable mantle, and sheltered him from all those reflections which would have invaded his slumbers and disturbed his rest. At four P. M.

“Thrice rang the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,  
And the press'd watch return'd its silver sound.”

The inflammation of liquor was not yet out of his veins, and it bore his courage up; the newspaper awakened his pride with a long and pompous column:—

“We have not for a series of years witnessed any thing so splendid as Lady Gertrude's entertainment, given at the opening of her house.

The mansion is in itself a fit residence for the most illustrious family ; the furniture and decorations are superb. The ball was spirited and well conducted, and the supper *en Prince* ; the music was delectable, a number of bands were in attendance. The band of Troubadours, appropriately dressed, pleased *us* the best, (who are *we* ?) although *we* must give the due meed of praise to the grand orchestra and to the animating Gows." Here the writer took occasion to name the *sa't wives* with great and rapturous applause. It was also remarked, that as the amiable and accomplished Duke of Inverary led a fair countrywoman into the banquet-room, the band struck up

" All the blue bonnets are over the border."

(Surely, Caledonia, thou gettest thy share of praise.)—To this puff succeeded a list of the company and their dresses, similar to "the Right and True Lists of all the Running Horses," (of old,) "Names and Colours of the Riders," (who dares add?) "likewise the Sporting Ladies,"

although a horse-race and an assembly, or ball, are not so dissimilar as may be imagined. In each the race of emulation is run, the palm of fashion is at stake: some have a hard push for it; others win easy, or, as it is termed, *in a hand canter*; some have the good luck to walk over the course: there are also the *favourites* of the day, a great fuss made about the *breed*, a good deal of underhand dealing, crossing, and jostling. The light purse is always distanced, the owner breaks down and is dead beat; but *light-foot* gets off second-best, by bolting when convenient, and the tradesmen find it is P. P. with them, i. e. pay or play; for if the former cannot be accomplished, there is nothing for it but *making the play*.

Whether her Ladyship paid a round sum for this public announcement, or whether “*we*” were really present and received indirect remuneration, matters very little; perhaps, like Pea Green Ane, she took two dozen of the papers daily. If she did so, she made a better choice

than the West Indian, who subsidised a paper, the circulation of which was far from extensive.

Young Greenlaw had scarcely had time to peruse the rest of the fashionable news, when Lady Gertrude was announced as a visitor, all sick and worn out as she was, having something surprising to inform him of. She held a letter in her hand, and, after receiving congratulations on the success of her admirable entertainment, she proceeded to open and read it. It was a very long epistle from her *good friend* Lady Claver, to inform her that Lady Lydia Languish had run off, and left a legion of unpaid creditors; that the town was in an uproar about it; that her doors resembled the unfortunate bank in Berners-street, on their failure being made known; and that some went so far as to assert, that Mr. Bramblewood, of the Guards, had eloped with her. This extraordinary despatch arrived at 7 A. M. while the supper was in its full enjoyment; but the porter handed it to the Groom of the Chambers, the Groom of the

Chambers gave it to my Lady's footman, my Lady's footman delivered it to my Lady's *femme de chambre*, and Mademoiselle put it on her La'ship's dressing-table, which accounted for the delay in its reception. We had almost forgotten to add, that Lady Claver affected to pity the departed widow, but felicitated her friend on having escaped forming a connexion with such a woman. The only answer Herbert made to his mother was—"I am very sorry for it;" and a tear stole in his eye, so much had he fallen off from that insipid, contemptuous, coxcomical, yet high-bred indifference to common events and to human misery.

At this instant a second dispatch arrived from the Collector-General of Reports, and *would-be* Comptroller-General of the town, to announce that she was on the way to the Square: mamma flew off to meet her, and her son sank on the sofa in a state of stupor.



## CHAPTER V.

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DISSIMULATION.—DISSIPATION.—THE RACE OF  
FOLLY.

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“Ordinis hæc virtus erit et venus (aut ego fallor)  
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici  
Pleraque differat, et presens in tempus omittat.”

HORAT.

THERE is such a thing as keeping up the *ball* too long, (no allusion to *men* or *things*,) as well as not being able to keep it up at all, or letting it drop too soon and end abruptly: therefore will we take our old *vade mecum*'s advice, and add no more respecting the ball and supper in the Square for the present, reserving to ourselves an opportunity of commencing

*de novo* with a list of the names of people of mark. At present we beg leave to point out to our reader a young and good-looking officer in the Guards, in a stupor, *reverie*, or *waking dream*, whichever word appears most descriptive; habited in a *robe de chambre* of rich silk, but figured over with a flowery representation on so large a scale as to look not unlike the extension of a red cabbage cut up for pickling, with a pair of *Persée* striped-silk trowsers, Russian leather slippers brought by a certain Duke from Moscow, and highly musked, and the collar of his chemise open *à la Lord Byron* to give interest to his bust, and to show a fair yet muscular neck, such as Canova or Turnerelli would not have disdained to delineate. He is meditating on the sudden departure of his innamorata and of his friend, whose elopement must be attributed to a different cause than that to which Lady Claver thought fit to attribute it. He was not a moment in doubt on that subject, for the post brought a letter from

Bramblewood, dated Calais. It stated briefly that Lady Lydia had decided on quitting England for ever, without *his* assigning any motive for her conduct; but adding, that as her Ladyship sent for him, and had the candour to confide this secret to him, motivated on his attachment to Maria and his having solicited her hand, he had obtained leave of absence for the purpose of being united to the woman of his heart. He concluded by wishing his comrade health and happiness, if he could enjoy the latter under existing circumstances; and begged that if any scandalous reports were set *afloat* in which his name was implicated, to let him know,—as the author thereof, if a man, should answer personally to himself; and if a female, he should refer the case to his solicitor.

There was something very noble and manly in this language and conduct; young Greenlaw felt that he lost by comparison. Maria was reported to be totally dependent upon her patroness, and the young subaltern had but a few hundreds

per annum ; not more than enough to support him in a manner becoming the corps to which he had the honour to belong, and to purchase his way on in the profession of which he had made election ; yet, rather than tamper with affection, and trifle with a warm and sincere heart, he was ready to mar all his brightest prospects, and had even left directions with his agent to effect an exchange for him, unable as he felt himself to support his wife in a suitable manner in London, and to re-enter the circle in which he had lately moved. He had a rich uncle, it was true ; but he expected to be disinherited by him, on account of his having made this match without even consulting him.

Whilst this honourable and disinterested conduct was pursued by the brave Bramblewood, Lady Claver was very actively engaged in sifting to the bottom every secret of the fair fugitive's dilapidated circumstances and precipitate flight. She was bearer of a newspaper announcing her arrival at Wright's Hotel, Dover ; for she was

recognized in spite of her precautions, and Wright thought that a titled traveller would swell his list and his bill at the same time. It was remarked with wonder, that all her servants had been *fully* settled with and paid off by the young Captain, (all officers, when *travelling*, are called so this side the water; on the other side, military rank goes by the purse; and if gold is given to the servants at Dessein's or Quillac's, it is *mon Colonel*, at least) and that the two footmen who rode behind in the dicky, were discharged at Dover.

“This was deep enough,” observed Lady Claver; and officiously went and informed her robe-maker, that if she used expedition she might likely enough catch Lady Lydia ere she embarked, or by following her over in the next packet get some arrangement, being the first in the field. This manœuvre, however, failed, and Lady Claver, by over-doing her old trade of defamation, at last brought on a criminal information, to avoid which she fled to Bel-

gium, and remained there in fear and trembling, during the remnant of her contemptible life.

Our hero was much hurt at the dry manner of his old companion and brother officer's letter: he saw clearly that he had lost a friend by his excessive imprudence and vanity; and he fancied, the next time he was on guard, that Colonel Leadon behaved to him with unusual coldness and reserve. *Au reste*, the story of Lady Lydia's flight, ruin, and love-disappointment lasted only a few days, to give place to fresher matter. The abduction of a ward in Chancery; the elopement of a married lady in high life, leaving a distracted husband, and a number of lovely daughters almost in infancy, the one to bear the gnawing pangs of ill-requited love and public offensive pity; the others to inherit that shame which they never merited, and those impediments in the way of forming an honourable union which a mother's misconduct has entailed upon them; or *vice versa*, My Lord, or the Honourable Mr. Polygam's ruin-

ing a girl at boarding-school, and breaking his Lady's heart; together with the flight of hundreds, ruined by the expenses of a winter—have no more effect upon the nobles and fashionables who can stand their ground, than a snow-storm has on a brazen pillar, or, as the showman says, “Little boys shooting marbles against the Rock of Gibraltar.” And here might very properly be added the accompanying showman's slang, “*Boys*, don't play with the monkeys,” since the monkeys who act in this farce of “*The Road to Ruin*” are very dangerous to play with, and a rustic youth is very likely to be bit by them.—The next tale of wonder was Lady Panamar's “*At home*,” from which an elopement took place, and which will come in in its proper time and place.

Herbert Greenlaw was all this time miserable; yet he concealed this state of suffering by the most extensive extravagance and dissipation. The only proper duty which he performed was being constant in writing to Emma, who, living in the

retirement which she did, was wholly ignorant of the intrigues and adventures of the town.

The expenditure of the young Guardsman knew no bounds: he had horses on the turf; belonged to all the Clubs; played nightly; abandoned his sober habits; and drank very hard. It may be observed, that female society not only refines a man, but attractively draws him off from coarse pursuits and from pernicious habits. The conversation of well-informed women has a peculiar charm; Cicero himself felt the benefit of it: and it certainly is more becoming to see a man of quality or fashion quit the dinner-table to give his arm to a fine woman going to the Opera, French Play, Almack's, or to a celebrated performer's Benefit Concert, than to behold him flushed and cloudy at the same time in complexion and intellect, adjourning to a gaming-table, or to the orgies of a bacchanalian supper, terminating either in private play, (of all play the worst,) or in the watch-house.

Yet to this did our youth come at last: there



was no expensive pastime into which he did not plunge; he even scattered his money to pugilists, although he abhorred the diversion of the ring, which was quite at variance with the education which he had received, and to his *debut* in life; and he kept a yacht, although he was always sea-sick, even in crossing the Channel, and although he knew as much about seamanship, nay, even the handing or trimming a sail, steering a boat, or feathering an oar, as a donkey does about an air on the flute. But none of this was natural—it was all affected, assumed—its purpose was to fly from self; and as it procured fame and notoriety, the mother was blind to the errors of her son.

Not so with the officers of his regiment, they saw and dreaded his approaching ruin; and on his giving a splendid *repas du corps*, Colonel Leadon refused to attend, and requested to see him the next day, when he besought him to ponder ere it was too late; to reduce his establishment; to give up the gaming-table; to

sell his race-horses, never to play with a marked character, or in promiscuous society, and to resume his former habits of temperance. "Believe me, my young friend," said he, "these extravagances draw down more ridicule than praise: your brother officers would receive you with the same cordiality, if you had not so many hundreds as you expend thousands in the year. It is not necessary to be a *millionaire* in the Guards; on the contrary, I deem a *millionaire* a very dangerous recruit, and generally a bad soldier: it only requires to be well born, well bred, of easy circumstances, and attentive to the profession of arms, together with honourable principle, and the keeping of good company, to be esteemed in our Brigade, and well received everywhere."

The young soldier pretended to be very grateful for the interest taken in his welfare, and seemed as if inclined to profit by this good advice; but he was any thing but pleased, the advice offended him highly. What!

sink into a humble commoner of ordinary appearance ! Part with his race-horses, and reduce his establishment, and thus draw all the eyes of Tattersal's and the Clubs upon him ? O ! no, no, no—" *muy obligato.*" If the Colonel cut him, he could still always find plenty of well-dressed pleasant young men to accept a place beside him on the box, be a riding and walking companion to him, and add to the conviviality of his weekly bachelor's dinners. He did find plenty, and amongst them one very dangerous associate. He was now imperceptibly drawing away from the Guards and from female society, from routs, balls, soirées, *conversaziones*, the play and concert ; but he still continued to subscribe to the latter, to look in at the Opera, to attend Almack's, and to be a daily visitor to his Lady-mother, to whom he never ceased to be dutiful.

In a very little time he began to forget Lady Lydia, and to prefer new faces. Of these, he found a number at Tattersal's, and one of

these got the nickname of his Tiger ; for since our hero had left the circle to which female fascinations bound him, he was fast verging from the hyper-exquisite to the ruffian in fashion. Associations are, to our manners and persons, what they are to our ideas: those of talent, fancy, and delicacy, adorn all three; as the combining with ruder materials disfigures the surface, and debases the interior worth. It will be seen, that our youth's time being devoted partly to the fair sex and partly to his regiment, he was daily expanding into an elegant sample of the soldier and the gentleman ; losing on one side selfishness, from a desire to please Nature's fairest work, and departing from idle boast, egotism, and affectation, to assimilate himself to that corps, the making one of which had so long been the prime object of his ambition. But now that the hours devoted to flirting had become a blank in his diary ; now that he had no friend to confide in and to direct him ; now that he saw in other *belles* a chance of

rejected addresses, an account of his late preference; and finally, now that he dreaded a farther dereliction of a duty, which he was not, at the same time, prepared to perform, namely, constancy to Emma; and was likewise fearful of a second entanglement, if, like the moth, he continued to flutter round Love's taper; he flew to the magic bowl for relief, and selected a fresh set of intimates to fill up his leisure hours; and they were the more acceptable to him, because, as he fed their hunger, they in return nourished his vanity, and could admire his pre-eminent style, his carriages, horses, trinkets, and festivities, which were so familiar to a Guardsman's eye, as not to have any effect whatever. It has been remarked more than once, that a man is never ruined until he takes delight in being the king of his company.— But a word about Tigers.

This animal, as the companion for man, was first introduced by the late Lord *Boot-en-avant*, sometimes called Lord Leg, on account of a *footy*

deformity : he had a little boy whom he nicknamed Tiger Minimus. Since that time other Tigers have taken their seats by the side of Lords and noble ruffians. Lord Oldborough has one, a very innocent Tiger ; a certain Lord on the turf has one, a fighter by trade, now turned adviser ; and other rich men have beasts of this breed, either as champions, curiosities, shades, or followers, and who run after the vehicles of the great or prosperous as Danish or other dogs may do—make a part of the establishment, either for use or ornament. One of this breed (we mean of Tigers) young Greenlaw took for his constant companion,—a very superior-looking fellow, in person and address, in front and courage : and so strange is human nature, that habit becomes second nature ; and as the coachman who had lived on an acclivity for twenty years, always locked his wheel when on level ground, so the patron became so much a part of the *protégé*, that he was soon the most dependent of the two. He now became

the pupil of a new school, and could do nothing without the instructor, who was what the lower order call a swell and an out-and-outer both together.

The new comrade, instead of being full of reflection and amenity, like Bramblewood, was an intrepid follower of pleasure, and a scoffer at all form, decorum, and consequences. Nature made him for the most civilized society, and experience had furnished him with conversation on various subjects ; but (what would have horrified Greenlaw a year ago) he could suit himself to all companies, from the highest to the lowest ; could shine in a ball-room ; drink purl in a tap-room ; drive down the road with a stage coachman ; hunt a day with my Lord ; and finish the evening with the friend to whom he taught the same game—and this was the constant round. Their day was spent in folly, their evening in revelling at table, the night and morning in drinking and at the gaming-table. After the usual succes-

sion of these pursuits, the approach of Epsom Races made it necessary for the owner of six running horses to attend Tattersal's, and to consult the betting book, and to study the odds.



## CHAPTER VI.

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TATTERSAL'S.—LADY PANAMAR'S ROUT.—

NEWS FROM THE CONTINENT.

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“Surely the pleasure is as great  
Of being cheated as to cheat.”

HUDIBRAS.

THE sports of the turf and field are certainly in themselves healthful, manly, and exhilarating; they tend to collect together the nobility and gentry of the county in which either the race or hunt is held or assembled; they draw the tenant and yeoman, the farmer and honest country gentleman, nearer to his Lord Lieutenant, Lord of the Manor, and great land proprietor; the purposes of con-

viviality and good fellowship are promoted ; and whilst the rubicund-complexioned parson, the jolly magistrate, and technical doctor (all surgeons and apothecaries being such in the country, like travelling captains abroad), preside at the jovial and hospitable bowl, equity is very likely to be substituted in place of the *glorious* uncertainty, sinuosities, and delays of the law, to say nothing of the insolence of office, differences may naturally be expected to be amicably arranged, loyalty and true British feeling are certain to be preserved. The turf offers an additional advantage ; namely, the still greater improvement of the breed of horses : whilst a race in itself is decidedly one of the most spirit-stirring pleasures which can possibly be imagined, and moreover, what ought to be dear to every Briton's heart, it is quite national. The starting of the high-mettled racer is a moment of delight :—his arched neck, symmetrical shape, taper limbs, proud bearing, his impatience as he strikes the turf with his

fore-foot, and snuffs up the breeze, are gladdening to every eye, cheering to every breast. The pulse of anxiety beats with him in his course, it redoubles and varies in his progress, and the heart bounds on his passing the winning-post the foremost by a neck, whilst other half-a-dozen pictures of their species are so near, that, to use the jockey and huntsman's expression, "You might cover them with a sheet."

All this is fine, as is the admirable horsemanship of the rider, his skill, judgment, dexterity, and address, the effect of a start, keeping the lead, saving and putting out his horse by turns, the whip hand, the advantage of ground, the generalship (if we may use the expression) of computing the strength of competitors, the making the most of his horse, throwing him his length, or jerking him in upon a push, and finally, if beaten, the making a pretty race of it, and deserving well of his employer—all this, too, is fine; and we accord due praise to the Chiffneys, the Buckles, and all other

jockeys of ancient and modern times, allowing that the boldness and dexterity of the jockey, like these qualities in the sportsman, from his most worthy Grace of Beaufort down to the huntsman and whipper-in, contribute hugely to making us the finest riding nation in Europe, and do wonders for the courage of our cavalry and mounted military of all descriptions. But beyond this the turf and sporting field go not. The former is innocent in itself, but the latter is so completely a trade, that it loses its greatest charm to honourable men and men of honour—namely, those to whom rank has given that distinction in society, and those who have received it from innate goodness, education, and habit. For it is on the turf and in the ring the same thing; and it may be said of them taken together, with truth, arising from experience, that “The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.\*

So much deceit, dishonesty, trick, and over-

\* We crave pardon of our moral reader for this

reaching, occur in both, that although a race is a beautiful thing to be a spectator of, yet it is unsafe to meddle with as a bettor, and ruinous to dabble in, much more to be habitually concerned in; unless a nobleman or gentleman can condescend to mingle with low-born and unprincipled society, to be the companion of breeders, dealers, jockies, grooms, and Greeks, and to be a little of all these characters. There are a few of the nobility and gentry who keep race-horses for diversion, the improvement of the breed, or from fashion, and whose bets and races are both fair; but when compared with all the overwhelming tide of legs, adventurers, gentlemen-jockies, and advisers

“ Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.”

Touching the ring, the matter is infinitely

Scripture quotation, We are aware of its original meaning—to wit, that human celerity and strength avail not, where a dread and higher power can dispose of all events. In the present instance, all that is intended is to show, that the agency of self-interest puts all fair play at nought.

worse ;—the sport is at variance with humanity—it is also ungentlemanlike. It certainly keeps up the old English spirit amongst the lower orders, but it tends to demoralize the middle ranks, brings down the high-born man (if he identify himself as a patron with the *trade*, for such it is) to the level of the low, and opens the door to fraud and greeking, as *handy* in the ring, as at the board, where cards and dice come up not by chance but at will. It will be said in defence of pugilism, that in a nation where the fist is the instrument of defence, assassination seldom occurs, and more serious combats are avoided ; whilst it is putting individuals on a level of defence, and in the way of fair play. The first we will grant ; the last positions we deny. The manly set-to can never adjust an affair of honour between persons of the higher classes, whether naval, military, or civil ; and as to the equality of the combat, it is as unequal as the sword possibly can be, since science is every thing in both ; and a thou-

sand times less equal than the trigger, where, in spite of practice, chance or nerve most generally carries the day.

Having said so much on the turf and sporting-field, we naturally come to Tattersal's, where the first characters of each habitually attend, either to buy or sell horses or dogs, to make bets, gain sporting intelligence, to puff, or keep up the price of a friend's or employer's stud; to appear to be come for one of these purposes, to meet friends, to see who is in town, and lastly, to act as spies on the sporting and fashionable world. From this variety of causes for frequenting this spot, a most motley group assembles on sale-days here, both inside and outside of the establishment, and characters may be studied from the prince to the private gentleman, and from him to the groom out of place; nay, even to the vilest of the vile—those servile followers of the law who accompany John Doe and Richard Roe in their official capacity and *tangible* shape. The Greek

cohorts and legions, cavalry and infantry, are also sure to be here, because some of them are deeply connected with the turf, and because others always follow the tide of Fashion, and watch the motions of every Belcour or Goldfinch, until his Peruvian dust be scattered to the wind: sometimes, too, they lay in wait for the farmer's bags, who, just arrived from Mark-lane with his sample in his pocket, intent to purchase a smart hack, or to bargain for a bit of blood out of condition, gets hoaxed into a bet on a pending race, and amused by the glib tongue of some flashy sharper, tosses up for a beef-steak and a bottle, and ends, *very much against the grain*, by losing the canvass money-bag, and by converting his corn into gold, which is handed over to the gaming-table.

Here our hero, accompanied by his Tiger, made his morning call, and allowed himself to be played upon in the purchase of a brace of spaniels and a Barbary horse; here he also gained the following intelligence, and saw the



persons connected with it, which shall be given in an abridgment, as we are impatient to take our lady-readers to Lady Panamar's party.

The subject of races, past, present, and to come, was freely discussed: the Derby, the Doncaster, and all the Newmarket meetings, were animadverted to. It was asserted that half those who passed for knowing ones were mere flats, and were tools in the hands of their jockies and stud-grooms. Lord Dunderton, although waxing old, and long upon the turf, was said to be nobody without Sam Ch—f—y at his elbow to advise him, who was always sure to play fair when he did not play booty. Lord M—lc—r was laughed at for a book which he bought two years ago, called the Hollyoaks, and which might have been termed the Folly-hoax, by way of a child's guide, to teach him the art of winning on a race, calculations, and divers other matters, which he has since learned, to his cost, are not to be effected by rule. Mr. Alley Renard was also brought on the tapis, together with

what York cost him (the races no doubt); nor was the powerful co-operation which W——t obtained from R—s—d—le and the *ci-devant* pugilist G—l—y, now bloated with money and success, passed over in silence. The owner of Antonio was represented as on the road to ruin, although once flushed with partial success; and Marmalade Welville, and Mr. P—t—se were said to know the *Roads* which led to the winning-post. Crackpurse's turf concerns, and the travelling accommodation which he brought down for my Lords and *Gemmens*—his being hoaxed about the counters, which might be termed a counter-hoax—all had their share of comments; after which pocket-books were pulled out, memorandums and notes set down, stakes deposited, matches made, horses *placed*, together with all the other usual operations for anticipated races; and he who thought himself very knowing, and schooled by his losses, went off as likely to lose as ever.

It was eleven o'clock at night when the gay

Guardsman went to dress, and met all the *beau monde* at the rich mansion of the Nabob and his more ambitious better half.

Lady Panamar's husband had spent the most valuable years of his life in a tropical climate ; he returned, at the age of forty-six, with a York-tan complexion, sky-blue lips, and a mortgaged constitution : his liver was quite burned up, nor was the induration of the heart much less : selfishness, and the enjoyment of what pleasures can be culled in a state of constant fever, such as artificial breezes, the fanning and shampooing of slaves, being borne in a reclined posture by degraded men of colour ; hot and high sauces and viands ; burned odours ; together with the obnubilation and offuscation of the brain from smoking ; and a most inordinate love for money, not as a miser, but to spend in pride and ambitious emulation, made him callous to all social ties. He was like Catiline in one respect,—

“ *Alieni appetens, sui profusus.* ”

*D'ailleurs*, he belonged to nobody, and had no relations to look after or provide for on his return, laden with four hundred thousand pounds; so that, on purchasing a stately edifice near the Regent's Park, he gave orders to his porter to receive no petitions, to give all letters to his wife, to beat the beggars, and swear that he never was at home to any body except company invited by him to his epicurean dinners, or by his lady to her evening parties; the rest of the domestics were commanded to bow thrice every time they saw him, and never to dare to speak unless spoken to.

On his arrival, he knew enough of the golden rule to obtain a title and a seat in Parliament: in the list of nobility he was considered as a cypher; and as a mute, or rather an automaton in the House; for when the ministerial wire was pulled, he nodded, and accented yes or no, as the majority required. At table, nevertheless, he made a very decent appearance, and was lavish, not hospitable. Lady Panamar met

Sir Ralph (*not Raff*) at Madras ; she was then a fine girl, gone out on a venture with a brace of other sisters, to get married, their elder sister being sacrificed to a paralytic General. The young lady *jumped*, as it is vulgarly called, at the nabob's offer ; and when she returned, all diamonds and cashmeres, she started in the race of fashion, hoping to distance half the quality in town.

Lady Gertrude did not like nabobs and their ladies ; she held them (for she was the proudest of the proud) like Lord Mayors and Lady Mayoresses, amphibious nobles (as she haughtily termed it), a mixture of trade and title, money and merchandise ; novices in the sphere of their revolving ; and, finally, brevet rank nobility : nevertheless, so very sumptuous were the feasts of Panamar-house, and so well attended and crowded were her ladyship's nocturnal parties, that she *brought herself* to partake of the one, and to be in the list of the company

of the other ; and in return, she invited her, Lady P., two or three times in the season to her house.

Lady Panamar was present at Lady Gertrude's house-opening, and her heart turned sick with envy at its splendour : she immediately conceived the project of outdoing it in a let off within a month. The time was now arrived, and the company congregated. The exertions to surpass her rival were excessive ; but, upon the whole, Lady Gertrude beat her. The number of servants exceeded Lady Gertrude's, but they exhibited a piebald race, being black and white almost alternated ; add to which, she had hired some awkward performers, who betrayed their ignorance, and their being strangers to the house. Livery the Nabob had none ; he chose the usual light grey and red, all daubed over with gold lace ; but as Lady Panamar considered this as not striking enough, she ordered new suits of crimson and sky-blue, which, barring the blue instead of

green, exactly imitated the livery of the junior branches of the royal family.

“What presumption !” exclaimed Lady Gertrude, on entering the hall. The furniture was richer than that of the rival, because it consisted in curious rich Indian cabinets ; tables inlaid, not only with mother-of-pearl, but with precious stones, together with beautiful Asiatic silk drapery, embroidered with gold, and splendid coloured embroidery ; and lastly, a room of green silk, bordered all round with the feathers of the rarest and most costly birds of three quarters of the globe, Asia, Africa, and America, whilst the carpet was composed of leopard’s skins, sewed together, and bordered by very heavy gold bullion fringe. At the sight of this *salon*, Lady Gertrude felt sick at heart, was ready to faint, and never recovered during the whole of the night, although assured by the best judges of elegance and taste, that the music, supper, arrangements, and list of personages, could in no way compare with hers,

either in quantity, quality, *bon goût*, or *tout ensemble*. She was not to be consoled, and only felt relieved on gaining her bedchamber, where, alas! sleep never alighted upon her eyelids.

The rest of the night's attractions were of the usual cast, with this difference, that there was a strong spice of gaming mixed up in the bill of fare. Sir Ralph had contracted a great taste for this pernicious *passa-tempo* whilst in India, by which, the tale of ill report insinuated, he had made most of his money. Of the Guards there were but three present: some were on guard, some had previous engagements, and others did not like Sir Ralph nor his lady; and their absence made the concern very flat, at least the dancing misses were all of that opinion. Young Greenlaw was in forced spirits: he made his person very choice and precious in the dancing line; but he did stoop so far as to stand up in one *quadrille* and two waltzes with titled ladies, who whispered it about, that he was nearly cured of his love sickness, and that



some other *belle* might fairly start to supplant the widow.

The summer was rapidly coming on, and the warm season trod upon the last steps of spring, and brought gaudier flowers, to look back with contempt on the snowdrop and the violet: the hyacinth, the delight and comfort of the gelid months, had long since been rejected; and the full fragrance of bolder flowers bloomed in every fashionable corridor and boudoir, and had begun to expand in every garden in the open air; so that a moralizing or philosophizing man would have retired from art to nature with a feeling of lost time, and have wished that early, refreshing sleep had enabled him to pass from his couch to his garden, and from the works of men's hands to great creative nature; not primordial, as the sceptic world wish it were, but the creature and instrument in the hands of uncreated Omnipotence.

When the company separated, the votary of pleasure might have seen from the corner

of his carriage, where exhaustion and the fatigue of dissipation had placed him, the husbandman and the handicraft labouring, at small recompense, for those luxuries without which he could not exist ; but, under these circumstances, the mind has lost its reflective power, in the same *ratio* that the body is deprived of its primitive natural energies. Young Greenlaw hurried into bed, and felt too happy to have no intruding care to chase rest and the *dulcia oblivia vitæ* from his pillow ; and if there be a tranquil pleasure in life, it is the forgetfulness of the world's cares, which exist, in altered forms, more on the brow which wears a diadem, than on that which a straw hat or other humble covering protects from the solar beam.

When our hero awoke, he was not half refreshed, for it happened to be a field-day, and the grand review was fast approaching : he went through the business of the morning as ill as can be imagined, for late hours and revelling accord not with masculine exertion and military discipline ; and it is marvellous

how the followers of fashion keep time and favour with both. On his return to his town-house, he found newspapers, magazines, letters, and *billets*, in great number, on his breakfast-table; but as he had brought home three brother-officers to breakfast, and as his Tiger was there to meet him, he only took up one paper, having permission so to do, and begged Tiger to read and answer all letters *not coming from France*. Whether the Nabob had paid double price for flattery, or whether (as was stated to be the case) a relation of Lady Panamar's, provided for by the press, felt the peculiar satisfaction, arising from parentage and the *honour done him*, of being present and partaking of the good things, is not yet decided; but certain it is, that the Panamar House entertainment looked better on paper, than the grand opening, for the season, of Lady Gertrude Greenlaw's house. It is true that it was only so on paper; but like the advertisement of a Stock Company, the names set down, sums at stake, and advantages detailed, were

enough to blind the eyes of the reader, and to eclipse the real magnificence of the forgotten feast. Greenlaw saw it with disgust—Lady Gertrude was confined to her bed on perusing it: the son threw it down in contempt—the mother burned it, but its contents she could not get over.

When his brother-officers had withdrawn, he inquired about the notes and epistles. There were invitations and club meeting announcements, petitions and amatory billets; and (for the first time) a score of civil, yet urgent dunning letters;—"I shall give all these to the flames," said the Tiger, rising erectly, as if he were up in his stirrups; "but there is one letter from Dijon, and you must read that," authoritatively uttered prime-minister Tiger.

"Well, give it me," said the patron; "I know from what hand it comes,—alas!" (for this renewed his divided feelings) "not from the fair fingers and rosy palm, which used to entwine roses for my guilty brow;—*allons, voyons!*"

The handwriting was Bramblewood's. The short contents—

“Dear Herbert,

“*Nous avons brûlées Paris*, and are arrived, tired and in haste, at Dijon. Lady L. L. is seriously ill, and we proceed from hence to Italy, for change of air: too late I fear. I am married, no matter how or where; but legally and indissolubly, and I am happy. I expect to be gazetted out of the Guards every week. Farewell. Tell the miscreant tribe of detractors, that her Ladyship’s debts will be paid, and that I am not run away; and bid them beware of Lady Claver’s example. Pray how is dame Blight? Let her also have a care. Respects at home.

“Yours, sincerely,

“B——.

“P. S.—I hope that Colonel Leadon received the trifling present, which I sent him from Calais, safe.”

The letter demanded deep cogitation; it announced eternal separation with the self-injured

Lady Lydia ; to whom, nevertheless, the youth had not acted honourably. There was a pugnacious gladiatorial disposition, on the part of the champion, to take up the glove in beauty's cause on his return ; and a strange precipitation to gain *la bella Italia*, either for the purposes of health or distance ; and lastly, an appearance of cash to pay Lady Lydia's debts. But first "*Nous avons brûlé Paris :*"\* the reason was obvious—great and pleasurable cities were insupportable to the fair fugitive, nor could she encounter the faces of ruined rakes and dandies, withered and disappointed belles, and, above all, the inquiries, "*on dits,*" and reports, which might bear upon

\* The expression *brûlé* is not commonly understood by an Englishman, but is quite French, insomuch that a Parisian, who had promised to correspond with an English friend in Paris, thus began his letter—dated Marlborough.

"*Mi* dear friend,

"*I burned London, and am on my road to Bath.*"

This would seem like an incendiary letter ; but *brûler Londres*, or *brûler le pave*, mean merely to pass through a town at full speed, striking fire from the pavement—How truly French !

herself. This was easily accounted for, but the paying of debts was still an object of dubiety : with which he dismissed the subject, appointed the Tiger to meet him at the Horse-Bazaar, consented, with some difficulty, to assist at an ex-champion's dinner, and wrote *maman* a line, to say that he should hope to meet her at the Opera ; which communication was answered by his father, desiring to see him in an hour, and informing him that his mother was alarmingly ill.

## CHAPTER VII.

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SICKNESS.—THE DUCHESS OF OLDSTYLE.—  
JOURNEY TO BRIGHTON.

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“ For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,  
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought ;  
And the weak soul within itself unblest,  
Leans for all pleasure on another’s breast,  
Hence Ostentation here, with tawdry art,  
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;  
Here Vanity assumes her pert grimace,  
And trims her robes of frieze with copper-lace ;  
Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily cheer,  
To boast one splendid banquet once a year ;  
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,  
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.”

GOLDSMITH.

LADY GERTRUDE’S illness assumed a serious appearance—she was bilious to a great degree, and had a slow fever, in addition to the total



derangement of her nerves : and no woman was less fit for a bed of sickness, or even for confinement to her chamber, for she possessed neither patience nor resignation, nor could she enjoy those rational pleasures which persons of calm and orderly habits find so many resources in. Enslaved by fashion, and wedded to the world—she could neither read nor work, nor take interest in instructive conversation. Like many of those so admirably described by the poet, who either starve or stint themselves, to make occasional displays of ostentatious finery—or ruin themselves for the same weak purpose, depending entirely on others for a short-lived season of happiness; she sacrificed her time, her treasure, and her health, to gain the praise of ungrateful guests, and to shine in the list of nobility by making a conspicuous figure in the columns of a newspaper. Beyond these, it is true, she had one darling object,—her son, he was her idol. But hers was not genuine, pure, unmixed affection; there was blended with it

a great portion of alloy, namely, the dross of pride, to see him great and flourishing, the master of a splendid edifice and establishment, quoted in all fashionable details, and allied to nobility. These were the treasured objects of her ambition : had he disappointed her in these views, or married what she considered beneath him, it would have broken her heart ; and she would very probably have banished him not only from her love, but from her presence,—for so she often said.

Her present malady was of a doubtful nature, her physician attributed it to cold caught at Lady Panamar's party, together with a long continued debility of the nervous system ; which, alas ! is too frequent among women of fashion, who embark in all the pleasures which dissipation affords, and become the victims of late hours, the dangerous variety of temperatures of theatres, crowded saloons, the passage through halls to their equipages, streams of air, sleepless nights, and the heart-achings which envy,

emulation, and disappointment often bring; not to mention that apathy which at last succeeds to the fatigue of Vanity in all her operations. But her intimate acquaintances were of opinion, that it was owing to her pride being wounded at the newspaper flourish in favour of the Nabob's lady, which outstripped her entertainment; and the spleen excited by the green silk room bordered by the rich plumage, which no money or exertions on her part could procure.

In the commencement of her confinement, she gave orders that every one should be let in except Lady Panamar and Mrs. Blight; and she lay extended on a sofa covered with purple and silver satin, habited in a cambrick nightgown, trimmed with *dentelles de Malines*, a Valenciennes lace cap ornamented with artificial roses, and a hundred-pound Cashmere negligently but gracefully thrown across her shoulders. A gentle light was let into her apartment, so that, although she was highly

rouged, it looked natural. She had rose-coloured satin shoes, and a profusion of rings on her fingers; a few splendidly bound volumes, which she never opened, on her table; and the most expensive flowers that the hot-house could produce, which, however, were not without their utility, in overcoming the strong smell of ether, to which, as well as opium, she had become so habituated that when in apparent health she could not live without them.

This public display of indisposition did not last long; it increased her fever, made her delirious a whole night, and caused her medical attendants to forbid her to receive company, and to direct that she should be kept as cool and tranquil as possible. “Let not her mind be agitated upon any account,” said they:—but this was more easily said than done.

Her son was now assiduous in his attentions, so that there was a short period of his life given up to duty and rational occupation; but as she showed signs of recovery, he recommenced

the usual routine of expense, and nightly attended what he jocosely called the Fishmongers' Company ; alluding to Crackpurse's having carried out fish\* in his youth, ere the turf and the gaming-table poured in such wealth upon him, and have brought to his net not only gold and silver fish, gudgeons, and rare *flat* fish, but perhaps may get him a *place* for some of his bad debts.

As Lady Gertrude's health amended, she was allowed to receive one or two visits in the day, amongst which her Grace of Oldstyle was the first.

\* It is really marvellous, that men of low habits and youthful obscure life should get initiated into the *arcana* of horse-racing and of play ; and still more, how they learn to entertain *en seigneur*, as Cracky does. As a proof of the former, however, there exists a man of nothing, who can neither read nor write, yet who has the clearest head for play that possibly can exist, and so strong and retentive a memory that he does all his business by it, and when he returns home he gets his wife to write down his bets and to book what is owing to him.

The Duchess never visited her personally in the days of her pomp, pride, prosperity, and folly ; but when she heard of her illness, she called upon her, deeming the visiting the sick to be an act of humanity, for which brilliant quality her Grace stands first upon the list of virtuous nobility. With her the nobility of the heart and mind transcends even the lustre of her birth, which she owes to a long, unsullied line of worthy and illustrious ancestors ; and it may be equally said of her, that the extensive possessions and riches of which she might boast are yet inferior to the store of noble and feeling actions which make her ten times more rich in good works. There is, moreover, a variety in her benevolence rare to be met with. She is considering, calculating, soothing, generous, discriminating, and grand, in all her acts of friendship, charity, and mercy ; pure in her morality, unaffected in her piety, chaste in her conversation, dignified in her deportment ; a tender parent, an exemplary wife to her de-

parted lord, an indulgent mistress, a firm friend, a loyal subject, a patriotic Englishwoman, and a blessing sent for the poor. Of her birth it may be said, that, as Ulysses established that he had

“ —Deus in utroque parente,”

she can prove ducal nobility by birth and marriage ; and were she to add, like the Greek chief,—

“ Nam genus et proavos et quæ non fecimus ipsi,  
Vix ea nostra voco,”

she might rest her title to nobility on *noblesse d'ame*, the highest quality which a man or monarch can display. In town (not far from the Treasury) her house is like a beacon to the lost mariner ; a door at which distress never knocked in vain. At Richmond, the creation, from the animal gifted with reason to the dumb beast and feathered flock, shares her munificence. It is curious, on the green lawn laved and bordered by the King of Rivers, old Father

Thames, to behold the tenants of the air flock round a person employed to feed them, and to see her Grace, now an octogenarian, a witness of this scene of self-created hospitality to these humble members of the creation ; and were we to follow her from this beneficent pastime through her whole diary of laudable employment, we should discover the love of the Creator and bounty to his creatures, mixed up with almost every hour. At her estates, when present, the same scenes of a life useful to mankind are performed ; and in her absence, orders are given that the poor may not be forgotten. That her valuable life may long be preserved is the wish of all that know her ; and that her grandson may look up to her as his best example, must be the anxious prayer of all connected with the family, either in the paternal or maternal line.

Her Grace's visit was a short one. She expressed herself kindly, and gave her her best wishes, advising her to be most careful of her-



self; and on recovering, to change her mode of life, as that in which she had been living must be most prejudicial to her constitution, which, in fact, was ruined. She added, with a smile, “that she should be glad to see her son when he could spare time, but feared that M—— house was too dull and quiet for his taste and habits.” In conclusion, she informed her that she had that morning seen General Stockford, formerly of the Guards, and that he expected the young man would get his promotion very soon. The General observed, at the same time, “that he was much liked in the regiment; they all believed that he had a good heart, but wished that he could pilot his bark a little more steadily, as all his best friends regretted the expensiveness of his habits, and feared that he had deserted them for less safe associates.”

There was what Lady Gertrude *miscalled* an *aigre doux* in this information and advice. She was pleased with the prospect of her son's promotion, but could not stomach any thing in the

shape of blame thrown upon her darling. She nevertheless told him what her Grace had said, to which he responded, in an affected tone, “ Well ! I—do—like—that Duchess of Oldstyle ” (each word drawn out thus at length, with a break or pause after it) ; “ she is a mighty good sort of a woman, but then *voyez vous*, my dearest mother, your good sort of people are most estimable bodies to those to whom they do good, but very dull company ; Lady Newstyle would better suit poor frail me. I would dine at her Grace’s house with a vast deal of pleasure, but for the *monotonie* of moral conversation, which has a lethargic effect upon me. Her dinners are as bad as our relation’s, the Bishop’s ; not a particle of scandal is allowed as the *sauce piquante*, to make the repast go down ; no coquetting neighbours at table ; no amusing satirists to serve up your friends in some new form, or to announce some new votary of fashion lately *dished* : an heir plucked like a pigeon, or a fat banker cleaned out like the empty

shell of an oyster. Now, there's some fun in this; but her Grace speaks well of every body. Then again, there's no Lady Tonish to encourage amorous enterprise, nor unfortunate person to make a butt of, or to whet the edge of well-turned ridicule on."

Here mamma patted him on the cheek, and laughed: this sally did her a world of good—who so humorous, so *aimable*, or so delightful, as her Herbert? He perceived that he pleased her, so he continued—"By the way, I dined at the Bishop's the other day. I arrived precisely at seven, and the Goths had begun dinner. I met there a score of parsons, with cauliflower wigs and fire-shovel hats; some, too, had their silk aprons. I wish the Established Church would establish a more becoming dress. I declare I could not help laughing at the Bishop, as I was marching off the guard in St. James's Park, to see him riding in black cloth gaiters, and a noble of the old school riding by the side of him, in a double barrelled wig and a

cut and thrust tail ;\* nearly as complete a caricature as the late quack who used to amuse the folks in Hyde Park, by appearing with a queue, cocked hat, and a long-tailed pony. Had it not been for two originals, who supported the *buffa* parts, and even deranged the gravity of his Lordship, the evening would have been quite insupportable ; for we were bored a full hour about the Catholic Question—as if I cared a fig about that or any other question in the Upper or Lower House, or any house but a Club-house, the Opera-house, or one opened with a splendid fête like yours (this flattered her). Our relation is a constant attendant at the House, although turning deafer every year. Perhaps, if I was as deaf as he, I might attend too ; as the late Lord North said to his brother the Bishop, respecting the heavy concerts of ancient music ; but as it is, *scusate mi Signor*.

\* By this is meant the wigs of the last century, with

“Two curls of a side  
To a pig’s tail tied.”

Now to return to our exotics, who on earth, of all created beings, can you guess was at his Lordship's table, neat as imported and as large as life, but our village surgeon, turned into a St. Andrew's degree doctor, come to town to practise ! It was your Ladyship who first turned his head ; and he has brought his precious rib with him, who miscalls every thing. It is the highest farce imaginable to hear the Doctor's Græco-Latinical, technical, and medical orations ; and Madame coming out with a mouthful of hard words, which she miscalls and continually uses out of place. In answer to my hoping that the Doctor was in high practice, she informed me that her *spouse* had succeeded beyond his most *sanguinary* expectation ; that he had cured Counsellor Silverspeech of a *bum-bago* (lumbago), and that in a very miraculous manner, he lately had *hoperated* Lady Diana's favourite lap-dog, and had *seduced* (reduced) a bit of flesh like a *ven* in its neck, *discussed* (dispersed) the *concrecence* (excrescence,) and

saved the poor *h*animal's life. It was not quite certain whether it was a *ven*, or a mere *lusum naturi* (*lusus naturæ*), but he had *besalved* it (preserved it) in a bottle, to show to the faculty, and perhaps might send it to the British Atheneum (Museum); he had also set Mrs. Blight to rights, who had been *inflicted* with a *Diorama* of long standing.'—(The poor Bishop felt for her.) Her husband had been called out\*, or he would have explained.—'A what, Ma'am?' said the Bishop's Lady.—'Why, a Diorama.'—'Where?' 'In her intestines.'—'Oh! I understand, further explanation would not sound pretty.'

By these little gossipings Herbert beguiled his mother's hours of suffering. He now ran his usual round; but always sat with her after break-

\* It is not a very uncommon thing for young practitioners to order their servants to call them out to non-existing patients: this demonstrates extensive practice, just as tavern-keepers have been known to ring their own bells to make a show of the press of business.

fast, and amused her with the scandal and *on dits* which he picked up at the Opera, Almack's, and Crackpurse's. At Tattersal's his Tiger was still his companion, and still continued to introduce him into farther expensive habits and amusements. Day followed day, until his mother became convalescent, when she was ordered to Brighton for change of air, but enjoined not to mix in any of its gaieties. Indeed, town was too full for this, and she would not seek a second circle; nor, indeed, would she have chosen Brighton at all, but for the facility of arriving there in five or six hours, and the pleasure of knowing that his most gracious Majesty makes it an occasional place of residence. In other respects it has not the advantages of remoter sea-bathing quarters; having neither the scenery of Southampton or Bognor-Rocks, the bold coast of Weymouth, the environs of Ramsgate and the Isle of Thanet, nor the rides and drives about any of those places. Its proximity to London is likewise productive of one serious

evil to very high-minded nobility ; namely, the mixture of company, and the great facility of bringing down the smoke-dried inhabitants of Bishopgate Without and Bishopgate Within, Cornhill, Threadneedle-street, and other such unfashionable quarters. The cit pops into the dicky, or the inside of a coach, and finds himself huddled in amongst the quality on the Steine in a few hours ; and there can thrust his untitled and unrepresented person

“ Betwixt the wind and *their* nobility.”

It is almost as bad as “ Margate *a hoy !*” where no courtly dame or cavalier could possibly be a visitor. But the four post-horses are at the door, together with the usual attendance of two footmen and an *avant-courier* ; her Ladyship is handed in by her son, and he kindly accompanies her, and is missed in London for three whole days.



## CHAPTER VIII.

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COMPANY AT BRIGHTON.—DISASTERS.

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“Obrepit non intellecta senectus.”

JUVENAL.

“Inaudible, the chilly foot of age

Steals on our joys, and drives us from the stage.”

HODGSON.

THE weather was unfavourable, and the bleak air of Brighton confined our convalescent to her apartment; the want of shelter about this coast renders it far from fitted to every constitution. Lady Gertrude was a hothouse-plant, and could not endure rough breezes, however salubrious they may be to the

children of the dreary moor, vast plain, rock, promontory, or mountain,—such as our neighbour

“Caledonia, stern and wild,”

the moors of the north of England, or the plains of Roscommon. Nevertheless, at every blink of sunshine, the visitor to Brighton profited by the lucid interval, and peeped out like a snail from its shell. Our hero likewise availed himself of the same advantage, and lounged between the Library and Coffee-house, the Steine and the main street, in order to collect any thing which might amuse his Lady-mother.

The Star of Brunswick shone not upon the Pavilion: it had chosen royal Windsor for its seat of resplendence; the environs of the princely residence were *triste*: and when the storm beat from the Chain-pier on the land, and the brisk promenader was impelled forward with the wind aft, spindle shanks and coarse understandings were brought to light; the wasted macaroni in tight pantaloons and hessian-boots

was found to have no calf \* at all; whilst other fat male and female pedestrians were all calves together, or had such a column-like conformation, that it was next to impossible to distinguish where that part was. All shapes, forms and sizes, however, came alike under scrutiny, and the retreat of many was disordered and precipitate, we might say ridiculous, particularly when the gale filled an umbrella like a sail, to which the pedestrian appeared to be attached; and when the struggle betwixt the securing the petticoat and the *parapluie* was doubtful and obstinate. Under such circumstances the coast is soon cleared; and Brighton out of the season exhibits

\* This puts us in mind of hearing the late Lady Buckinghamshire complain at a rout, of having a pain in the small of her back; and of her being asked by a wag, where that was? This same joke was also repeated in Scotland, when the late Duchess of Gordon complained of a lumbago; which term not being very clearly comprehended by a rough-spun countryman of hers, she explained it in the most obvious terms possible, “*Man*, I tell you I have a pain in the small of my back;” “Where awa in a’ the creation is that?” replied Scotus.

almost a *memento mori*. Where is the Georgium Sidus—the Dulce Decus Britanniae? “He has left us almost for ever,” cries one voice of disappointment. Where are the gay officers of the Tenth, so many of whom dazzled young ladies’ admiring eyes?—a Lord A., a Lord J. M., a Lord R., the Honourable A. M., a Sheridan, a Golden Ball, the king of the Dandies, et cetera, et cetera? Some dead, some ruined, some abroad, others have left the corps; and the corps has left these quarters. Ay, and a man who, like the Author, has known Brighton thirty years, and been the friend of these gay and good fellows, may exclaim with a *triste souvenir* :—

“How many a lad I have loved is dead!  
How many a lass grown old!  
Whene’er this lesson strikes my head,  
My weary heart runs cold.”

MORRIS.

The brave Admiral also has changed his residence to follow his Sovereign to the Castle, and

his tongue, double-charged with its national accent, and prone to jocularità, is no longer the mover of mirth within or without the Pavilion. And the one-armed hero, late of the Carabineers, after gathering laurels in India, struts no longer here—the follower alike of fame and of the fair, but bears his altered, yet soldier-like features and person in London's more pleasurable town. Sir Billy, Sir Billy, we could say a great deal about thee: thou wert a wild boy, but desert in arms. There was also a smiling red-faced individual, the bearer of a purse, bag, or *ridicule*, to the first and most finished gentleman in the universe, his Illustrious Patron: he, too, has passed the barrier of oblivion, and when that is the case, the shafts of satire cannot be directed by a brave or humane hand: we would sooner say of an enemy, “Morta la bestia, morto il veneno,” or of any other (and we had no ill-will to this man), “Nihil de mortuis nisi bonum.” The poor Colonel was a civil obliging creature; it is true that he

did spring from a low origin, whence he rose to title, favour, and wealth. 'Tis said of him in a suppressed work full of trash, that—" In a small mud cabin, in which the occupation of the glazier never displayed itself . . . . . dwelt a stout sturdy Irishman, of the name of ———; this cabin was situate at Barntick, in the county of Clare . . . . . The chapter concludes by telling us that this was the father of the defunct: but here let us cast a veil upon the past; we all were dust.

Our hero had none of these reminiscences; his age did not admit of them: so that, on meeting by accident an old college companion, he inquired who were there, and was informed by his friend, who was famous for giving nick names to every one, that Bubble and Squeak were there, the Rack-comb, Nox (nux) Vomica and Vapour bath, as also *Selima* and *Azor*, or *la Belle et la Bête*. Now the last but two speak for themselves: the rack-comb is a Peer, who, like this implement, is all back and

teeth : Bubble and Squeak are two well-known Cambrians : and *la Belle et la Bête* may be found in many families, but is designed for a very ugly, rich, monied man and his wife, who, like the Peer's Consort, is a striking contrast of the extremes of Nature's different dealings with her favourite and other children. There was, moreover, *Mi lord Y Grec*, Lord Westernfield, and the convenient Parson. Mrs. Banco also looked in upon the good people, to show that she was all alive and kicking ; but she came down in a haze and went up in a storm. They say that great bodies move slowly, but here is a body who is here and there and everywhere through the night, in the morning in town and country ; and her little housekeeping Gentleman all in black and polished pumps, *à la mode du dernier siècle*, is kept in pretty sharp exercise, if he has to follow the rapidity of his Patroness. Talking of the *non intellecta senectus*, the old gentleman is certainly treading fast upon the heels of Mrs. Banco, which perhaps may account for all this locomotion,

which may be partly intended to run away from hoary Time, and partly, no doubt, to convert the *consols* into *reduced bank-stock*, by bringing her corpulence down to *par*. But be that as it may, whether the Bearer of the Scythe and Hour-glass extend or contract her bulk, whether his unceremonious hand plant wrinkles\* or dimples near her faded lip, it matters not a *hair*: she will always find plenty of persons who would like to enjoy a share of her *omnium*.

“It seems but yesterday,” observed the Oxonian, “that you were at Oriel and I was at Trinity; when we belonged to the *screw gang*; used to fly before the proctors, pro-proctors, and their bull-dogs in chase of us, down the

\* “It’s a coarse day, madam; rough weather,” said a northern friend of her’s. I wonder ye can set your face *til* it.” “Faith,” replied a coxcomb passing by, “the day will have the worst of it, if she *down-faces* or *out-faces* it long.”—As it was said of the late General Dixon when at Gibraltar, that the sun had made a desperate attack upon the inflammatory matter of his countenance, but that in a very short time the sun had the worst of it.



back slums; when I used to *do a bit of wall* after midnight, to get into college unperceived by my *scout*, and to keep out of the black-book; and when your cap was found in a lamp that you had broken, but luckily had no name upon it;—when we belonged to an eight-oared boat together, and bumped the Exeter; and when you sily kept six horses in different fellows' names, to attend all the hunts and private races; and I used to pass half the nights in driving stage-coaches a certain distance up and down the road;—and when I used to give suppers to my brethren of the whip, in order to keep them in good-humour, and to induce them to impart their skill to me, which I flatter myself I now possess to a great degree. I will put four horses together with any coachman in England, and drive them a stage in as scientific a style as any of them, making every horse do his work. I can also fan along a tandem, ay, or a random, with any fellow who ever sat upon a box."

“That I have no doubt of: but do you remember the race between yourself and one of the proctor’s followers, half down the High-street, when you turned down St. Mary-Hall-Lane, and doubled again down by Merton—and then, like a stag, made for the river?”

“To be sure I do, the old proctor crying out, ‘*Siste per fidem!*’ but *faith!* I knew better, and I soon put my pursuer out of wind. By Jupiter those were merry days enough; but I suppose you gay and polished Guardsmen are above all this?”

“Not a bit; I remember these things very well. It is true my pursuits have differed since, with a maturer age, but we have three or four in our regiment who were Oxford men. By the way, George, what profession do you mean to follow? what are you to be?”

“A jolly parson, Herbert; my uncle, Lord Oldfield, has a living in his gift.”

“A pretty parson you will make, upon my life! And pray what has become of handsome

Frank Glanville, who was *plucked* when you got over your *little-go*?"

"Oh! he was found too dull for the church or the bar, and so they have made a soldier of him."

"Thank you, George; this is tit for tat. But I hope they have not put him into the Guards."

"Certainly not, he is a *heavy* dragoon."

"Bravo!"

There were private parties at this time at Brighton, but they were not of importance enough for our Guardsman. Pray who would visit people residing at a watering-place out of the season, from economy, or as valetudinarians? A parcel of misses converted into Mrs. So-and-so, on account of Time's incontrovertible testimonies of their age; and dowager ladies—the *relic*, as well as *relict*, of some civic knight or poor baronet, with small incomes and cormorant appetites and ambition; haughty dames, followed by foot-boys, who devour at a neighbour's house, and starve at home, and whose

punished stomachs keep Lent all the year round, in order to give a let-off occasionally to their card-playing acquaintances, and who being able to stomach such mortification of the flesh themselves, have no bowels of compassion for the *miserables* who have the misfortune to serve them? Certainly no person of good taste. And of these materials was the *then* society of Brighton mostly formed; added to your professional people there on a spec; and to flying financiers going backwards and forwards for a mouthful of fresh air, and flattering themselves that they inhaled a grant of long life at every trip. Some of these gentry, on whom the "*chilly foot of Age*" has already trodden, will boastingly tell you that they have *taken a new lease of their lives*. Poor mortals! who ought to recollect that we are all *tenants at will*!

It is not very long since Sir W. C., taking up a bumper of champagne with tremulous hand, replied, in answer to "Your health,"—"Thank you kindly, I am quite *charmingly* now!—I am

quite *charmingly*, shaking off all my old complaints." But the unexpected answer was, "Oh, ho! then I 'd advise you to *keep shaking*."

From such second-rate company our Exquisite kept aloof. "Procul, O, procul este profani!" was his device; he therefore turned to the resource of smoking with his old college companion, from nine o'clock P. M. his present dinner hour, until one o'clock after midnight, when he praised early hours, and retired to his bed-room, to read a novel, or indite a tender epistle to Emma;—sometimes, too, the lost Lydia would come across his brain, when nothing but brandy could save him from a sleepless night. To his mother he devoted the hours intervening betwixt his exercise and dinner, which ordinarily were from five until nine; and he began to consider that he was leading a very regular life.

Three whole days now had elapsed, (a long time out of London in the gay season,) when

he was obliged to return to town; military duty made it necessary, and the state of his parent's health, although not very improving, was such as to leave a hope that the approach of warmer and more settled weather would bring strength with them; and that the melioration of her spirits, together with living by rule, might assist nature in her regenerative principle. But, unfortunately for the patient, a life by rule was a sad constraint to her; she could not exist out of the bustle of amusements:—in town it was a round of deceitful pleasure, and at Greenlaw Hall she made it, as much as she could, London adjourned. Nevertheless, she was nearly getting over her mortification at Lady Panamar's party, and had parted calmly with her spoilt child, when a second, heavier, and more severe mortification befel her, just as she was reading, with much self-gratification, the following article in the Morning Post:—

“*We* learn with much satisfaction, that the air of Brighton has perfectly reinstated Lady

Gertrude Greenlaw's health, and her numerous friends are fondly and eagerly anticipating the return of this hospitable and amiable lady, to recommence those enchanting entertainments, exhibited with so much taste and munificence at her splendid residence in town."

The appearance of her health being such an important object to church and state, to the community in general, and to the fashionable world in particular, raised her drooping heart : she called up a look, and never perceived in her mirror that years and pleasurable habits had both been warring against her, and that one of these foes was enough to bring her to decay,—when another article struck her eye, which overturned in a moment her dream of ambition.—A soldier of fortune, one of those persevering and intrepid mountaineers who so often promote the honour of our flag, had just returned from India, covered with glory, and nobly recompensed for a life spent in the field of valour, in all climates ; and now that he was

on his way to the Highlands, there to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*, he had put in a claim, which came in his grandfather's right, to the dormant baronetcy, which had been so long the fondest hope of Lady Gertrude's ambition, and which she was persuaded went in the female line. But what was worst of all, the hardy veteran had got himself served heir, and had assumed the title with royal sanction and authority.—What a blow !

“ Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness !” escaped the trembling lips of her Ladyship, and she fell back senseless upon her ottoman. Medical aid was called in, and she was recovered at the moment ; but she experienced a complete relapse, and was again not only consigned to her chamber, but to her bed.

A second misfortune had also befallen the family : an accidental quarrel with an attorney brought down a heavy calamity on the house of Greenlaw. Mr. Quitam had repeatedly applied for permission to shoot upon one of the knight's



manors: he obtained it; but always felt the attendance of the gamekeeper as a great annoyance, and by a silver ticket generally got rid of him. Another keeper, however, who was a rival and a spy upon his fellow-servant, used to watch the lawyer, and detected him in the preserve, shooting and bagging hen pheasants. Green-plush coat boldly stepped up to him, and told him that he was abusing his master's goodness, and wearing out a welcome; and that nobody but a poacher would do so unsportsmanlike a thing. The enraged limb of the law, or of the other Evil Spirit, (we must not say which,) demurred, and told the faithful servant that he had as great a right to shoot there as his master; that he had received permission, and should make the most of his time; that possession was eleven points of the law. He snapped his fingers at the lord of the manor, and would let his man know that he was a landholder himself, and had two little manors of his own within twenty miles of the place.

Quoth John, who was a wag and an ale-bibber, "I sees that you have *too little manners here*, and that 's what I complains upon; but if you shoots another hen pheasant, I'll be — *dicky*."

"I will."

"Then you 're no gentleman, and we'll see."

Up rose a hen, flap, flap, flap, right perpendicularly, and then took her flight. Bang! Quitam let fly one of his barrels at her, and down she dropped.

"You shan't pick 'n up," said the enraged keeper.

"You lie," thundered out the attorney, laying down his gun, and running to the spot.

"Then lie *yow* there, and when *yow* gets up again," (knocking him down,) "I 'll sarve *yow* out in good style."

The lawyer got up, and found that he was the worst man of the two; plush-coat could *stand up to what he laid down*, but Quitam was less *upright*. He cried murder, and a dense

huge forest echoed the sound ; he looked round for assistance, and found that green coat had *peeled*, and that black coat was all holes and fissures.

“ I ’ll work you at the quarter sessions,” swore he.

“ *Yow ’ve* no witness,” triumphantly replied the trusty keeper, who was truly game.

“ I ’ll show my coat,” angrily replied the attorney.

“ You may show what you please, but you shall not show your face here again. I ’ll swear that you were guilty of a trespass, and who the devil knows how you might have torn your old black coat getting over the fences ?”

The lawyer did not like this, and went off murmuring. He tried, in vain, to pick a hole in the game-cock’s coat ; so he set about examining the title-deeds of the estate, from a record which he got at by hook or by crook, and discovered a flaw : upon which he instituted a suit at the instance of a distant relation, and threw

the matter into Chancery. Here was a pretty second piece of news for her Ladyship, but her good husband kept the matter secret from her as long as he could, until it met her glance in the public prints, which could not be prevented from reaching her.—A third relapse.—She saw nothing but ruin before her,

“What mighty contests spring from trivial things!”

## CHAPTER IX.

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RETURN.—THE OPERA.—SOME DIFFICULTIES.

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“ Pleasures are few, still fewer we enjoy:  
Pleasure like quicksilver is bright and coy;  
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,  
Still it eludes us, but it glitters still.”

AFTER a great variety of delays, young Greenlaw started from Brighton at six in the evening, and arrived a little after twelve to dinner at his house in town: the Tiger was in attendance for him, and had all things *comme il faut*. The son passed his father on the road, and exchanged friendly nods; but he was not at this time aware of the disasters of the family.

There were, however, a number of things which vexed him on his return: he had lost the long odds which the Tiger had advised him to lay at the Spring Meeting; Mr. Spavin had omitted to make the hedge against his beaten horse; his four-year old, got by Nimrod, fell lame, and could not run another match, which was pay or play. In fact he found himself sold, and his debts had by this time accumulated to an enormous amount, so that he had now raised every shilling which he could get by way of annuity on the entailed property. His servants had also run him deeply in debt; and the French valet had now become so extravagant that it passed all bounds. Dejected and low-spirited, he had serious thoughts of reformation; but the Tiger urged him on, and got him accommodation bills, which kept him afloat: since his banker had long before this ceased to supply him without his father's consent, and he had drained him so upon a variety of pretences, that he could not in decency apply again; whilst his mother was

too ill to attend to money matters. At this juncture the Tiger very unexpectedly disappeared for three weeks, after which he returned; but it was a long time before the enigma of his absence was solved. He pretended to be gone down to Lincolnshire; but one of young Greenlaw's footmen met him twice after dark, opposite the Horse Guards, muffled up in a cloak. "It might be a mistake," said his friend; and he consoled himself by club-dinners, the Opera, the French play, and the Fish-mongers'-hall; where the Tiger re-appeared one night, and swore that he had not been five minutes in town. Engagements, our hero had plenty of; and he belonged to so many clubs and societies, that he could not attend half of them, and at some he was scarcely known but by name: he had, nevertheless, the honour and gratification of paying his subscription to each of them, the amount of which began to be both troublesome and inconvenient; whilst some of them demanded the annual keeping up of such ex-

pense, that each singly required a genteel income to defray its outgoings: for instance, the Jocky-club, the Yacht-club, the Hunt to which he belonged, the Four-Horse-club, the *Savoir Vivre*, (of which a description will be given hereafter,) and the gaming clubs. As for Brookes's, the Union, the University-club, and other half dozen fashionable *points de ralliement* at the west end of the town, they were moderate indeed, when compared to these destructive underminers of wealth. It was with his horses as with his property—three-fourths of them never were mounted but by his grooms or his acquaintances; and of these he had not the direct command. Mr. Spavin could report a horse sick, lame, under physic, at grass, straw-yard, or veterinary surgeon's for the benefit of its health, in training,—without consulting “master;” or at Tattersal's for sale without being warranted sound, on account of some vice, blemish, or defect, convenient to this stud-groom's dealing;



and if any difficulty arose about it, he would beg master's pardon a thousand times, but assure him that he had received his orders to act as he had done; which, doubtless, from the number of his engagements, he might have forgotten: "Perhaps I may," always settled the matter:—but the money expended upon the cavalry establishment ten times exceeded what it ought to have required.\* Of carriages the number was not so extensive nor superfluous; he did not, like a certain blank-countenanced Lord, keep a set of yellow chariots and other vehicles, for Paphian nymphs of all countries;

\* We remember a certain Irish Lord, who died from an accident, having sixty horses, four country-houses, servants and carriages in proportion. Riding with him one day on the Hounslow road, he met a groom in a stable jacket, riding an entire horse; "Whose horse is that?" cried he.—"Yours, my Lord."—"And do you belong to me too?"—"I should think so."—"Very well, take care of the horse." Thus do the extravagant young men of the day often not know the horses and servants the expense of which is so great.

nor was his own carriage, like that of the poet run wild, considered as the stage coach or *mail* for frail sisters, known by head-mark: yet, however, he had twice as many *voitures* as he stood in need of, the utility of which the Tiger well knew for the benefit of self and friends.

It is much to be lamented, that many young men, independent of the ruin of the gaming-table, which may do its work in a few days, are quite blind to the ramifications of ruinous habits: which, like a cancer, represent at first but a small, although rotten surface, but which branch out and become resourceless, incurable, and past all hope. There are scores of young men of fashion, in the last half-century, who, with ten, nay twenty thousand per annum, have been brought to poverty, prison, and disgrace, from never calculating the destruction of the uncontrolled table, cellar, stable expenses, servants' hall, tradesmen's tricks, and the combined multiplication table composed by the joint operations of upper servants and those who

furnish the luxuries of a great establishment ; and which multiplication table derives great strength, “ *et vires acquirit eundo*,” from long credit and unexamined bills. What is ten thousand per annum, if the expenditure amount only to a fourth more? That fourth doubles by imposition in a twelvemonth ; and perhaps thirteen or sixteen per cent. is required to meet the demand by raising the money by annuity ; and if per bill, buying and selling, or other stratagem, the spendthrift may lay his account to cent. per cent. Then again, it is possible that a half stupid, half positive, and tenacious prodigal, may dispute debts, go to law upon claims, wait and try to get money on reasonable terms : the law will then do as much against his woods and acres, his houses or copyhold property, as the usurer would ; and the delay in procuring the means of liquidating his debts, must eventually throw him into the moneylender’s hands, if not into those of the two brothers-in-law. Then again, (as was young Greenlaw’s case,) some of these

ten or twenty thousand per annum Exquisites, are only expectants, and a property thus situated, upon which money is raised by annuity or post obit, (the last shift,) is but a breakfast for the rooks and sharks who lay in wait for it. And lastly, how many rich country gentlemen, and (more commonly) heirs of misers, nabobs, or successful traders, see themselves possessed of a hundred thousand pounds in hard cash, or five thousand per annum, when straight they imitate and try to follow, *pari passu*, noblemen with the fee-simple of all their property annually ; and will lose in a night the amount of three or four years of their income, merely for the honour of keeping high company :—which may be done without these sacrifices, when high-breeding, education, talent, opportunity, and good appearance of dress and address, fit them for such society ; where a superior man will always be deemed as an acquisition, and if not too ambitious, proud, and forgetful of what is due to rank, may even take a lead. But we

must not lecture farther, lest our fashionable reader should be offended with, or tired of us.

After a sick head-ache, got by staying late at Crackpurse's, and indulging in too much champagne, added to the stirring up of the bile at losing some inconvenient hundreds, our Guardsman dined at Long's, and proceeded to the Opera. His arrival reanimated the spirits of some fair ones, who had cast their net for him, and who, since the departure of Lady Lydia, had entertained hopes of being able to captivate him. The dormant Baronetcy was *une affaire de famille*, and the law-suit was little known, and if it had, it only touched one estate; his debts they had not calculated, and the pleasure arising from taking such a beau from a rival, was of the highest gratification. There was a Lady Grace, whose *prenom* was nominal, and a Lady Susan, no way descended from the Scriptural beauty of that name, a Lady Honor, (*preserve her, say we*) and a Lady Sophia, who had far more wit than wisdom; a Miss Barbara, a bar-

barous heart-stealer, and a Bella, *horrida bella* ! who, although strongly pitted with the small-pox, flattered herself that the Guardsman showed a *marked* preference for her person, talents, and conversation. All these exhibited demonstrations of joy at his entering Fop's Alley, glancing round the lower tier of boxes, bringing the upper ones within the range of his glass, then smiling at one Right Honourable, nodding at another, ogling a third, and staring at a fourth, a novice lately brought out, a new face, *et voila ! tout*.

At this moment opera glasses, sparkling eyes, taper fingers traversing enchanting foreheads where the pearl and diamond were less fair and bright than the eye and the upper part of the animated picture, fan-twinkling, the gentle bend of acknowledgment, and gracious smile of recognition, were all held out as lures to move the swain. See him now quit the pit ; seize one little hand, condescendingly dropped in token of kindness ; return the courteous inclination of

another ; lisp “ Good night, my lord,” to one obstructing passenger ; “ How are you ?” to a brother brigader ; pass an unknown pit-goer superciliously ; and finally arrive at *another story*. “ Glad to see you ; how well you look ! sorry to perceive Lady Gertrude’s box is vacant ; hope she ’s better ; how long have you been in town ? You ’ve just missed a divine duet. Have you seen the new ballet ? Shall you be at Lady Labradore’s second party to-night ? Oh ! pray do come.” All these, with many more

“ Generous questions which no answer wait,”

met him at a dozen box-doors. He popped in his head at most of them, lolled on the back of the seat, or obstructed the entry (this is very much *comme il faut*),—but where should he go in and stand a minute ? or where (which was far more obliging) sit down for successive minutes, and deal out agreeable small talk, until a *cadenza*, or brilliant passage in a song, made it *bon goût* to seem attentive ; and excited

those who wished to pass for *amateurs* of the first class, to tap the fan inaudibly on the glove, or to look languishing, whilst “*Charming, charming!*” might be uttered in so low a tone as not to offend ears polite; and yet by the gentle aperture of ruby lips, and the half-closed uplifted eye of admiration, to inform all around that the lady had a soul to feel, and (another very interesting truth) that she possessed fine arched eyebrows and a beautiful set of teeth. After balancing awhile betwixt a *brune* and a *blonde*, and humming, as he paced along the passage to her box,

“Entre les deux mon cœur balance,  
Mais il ne balance pas ;”

he gave the preference to *glaucopis Athene*, and sat by the side of her four minutes and sixteen seconds, which, for a *voltigeur* in Fashion’s corps, is a long period. Whilst he remained there, the black-eyed *Elegante* made signal of invitation to come over, as if she had something to say; and our accomplished cavalier, accustomed



to these *manœuvres*, looked at his watch with eyes which might say “*Dear me!* (a very *true* oath, or ejaculation, for our affected youth of both sexes) *Dear me!* can it be so late?” Then, collecting together a few pretty compliments, he withdrew, and straight appeared *on the other side of the House*. Here was an acquisition of strength! a triumph over the quality benches! It was as important to female policy, as the ratting of a member is to the opposite party from that which he has just left, in the house of national representation. When a knot of Guardsmen and other elegants of title, fortune, or fashion, congregate in a gregarious manner round the shrine of beauty, and stronger attraction, *chemically* or *comically*, draws a portion therefrom, to combine with other more powerful fashionable matter, Beauty the first finds herself in the minority, and Favourite the second, by commanding a majority, carries her measure and obtains her point. “Ha! ha! he is come over to our party,” is no uncommon ob-

servation on these occasions. Nor does it unfrequently occur, that the too ambitious member of Fashion's parliament gets *passed* in the commons, but finds his motion *lost* in the upper house. Young Greenlaw did not pass observation free; for when blue-eyed Venus espied her swain *folâtring* it with bull-eyed Juno, she shook her head; there might be little in that, but she looked grave, and this is a tacit vote of censure.

Upon the *momentous* subject of looking at watches, *beaux* ought to be aware that detection generally follows the blind. What will a deserted amazon, or a beauty in her carriage, say, when my Lord or the Colonel gallops off, motived on the race of time, of which his watch has just informed him, when she detects him riding leisurely up and down with half a score of mounted nobility and gentry; and either philandering by the side of a favourite, or venturing in among a most imposing cohort of the S——n lordly breed, mustered in battle

array, ready to charge a single horseman and defeat him at odds? Why, they would doubt his veracity, and not give him credit for having had recourse to *so bad a get off*.

From the boxes he proceeded behind the scenes. Here he met Count San Florenzo, and other directorial great people—here he rubbed sleeves with virtuosi, and spoke Italian with performers—here his *complimenti* and *tenere parole* besieged female ears, and the snuff-box travelled round the circle of *coulisse*-frequenting fashionables—here he observed sparkling eyes peep through the *fissure* in the curtain, to meet other eyes in the theatre; and more *interested*, but less *interesting* looks (although there might be a mixture of both in the former) were examining what sort of a house there was. Some vacant boxes were alluded to, when the reason assigned was attributed, *mem. con.*, to the mammas (renters of said boxes) having married off their daughters, and having no farther occasion for them. These boxes put one a

little in mind of the show-rooms in a *magazin de mode*! The proprietor is happy, proud, and anxious to show her stock on hand. These valuable materials are dressed out to the best advantage; but when they are disposed of (we will not presume to say to the best bidder) the *local* is of no farther use, and they are glad to get off the tenement to one, or to joint proprietors for alternate nights, or any how, so as they get rid of the concern. Such boxes are worthy of a young beginner's notice, for they are always situated in the best places to see and be seen; whereas, your real lovers of music only think of where they can hear best, and be seen least; and there are other lovers to whom the same properties are quite equally acceptable. The old-established family-boxes are like the *hôtels* of *la noblesse*, stable, permanent, and sometimes affairs of succession; and they are as well recognised as the arms and livery, coronets and etcetera, of the occupiers. A divided feeling possesses the mind of those who

thus look on our British nobility: first, the remembrance of what has first ennobled their ancestors, which creates respect—and secondly, how well or how ill these established Opera frequenters, whose names and persons lend honour and lustre to the place, have withstood the shock of years, and the hard *campagnes* of succeeding winters in London. But the ballet is ended, and the curtain dropped.

“Bon repos, mes chers lecteurs,”

for the present; but we have not done with the subject of the Opera yet.

## CHAPTER X.

---

THE OPERA,—IN CONTINUATION.

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“With wanton heed and giddy cunning,  
The melting voice through mazes running.”  
MILTON.

“By turns they felt the glowing mind  
Disturb’d, delighted, raised, refined.”  
COLLINS.

THE Opera being not only an amusement of the very first order, but at the same time the magnet of fashion, and the *point de ralliement* for the highest ranks, it was impossible to do justice to it in one Chapter, and we have thus divided it into two, in order, after detailing

occurrences there connected with the *dramatis personæ* of our work, we might say something of the intrigues, emulations, *menées*, and *manœuvres* of the theatre, and of its numerous and elegant frequenters.

To have a box at the Opera is a *sine qua non*, if a family would appear with *éclat* during the courtly season in town ; it is a matter almost of course to nobility and high rank, domestic and foreign ; it is an affair of necessity to ladies who have their daughters to marry off ; and an article of *bon goût* to those who wish to be in the highest circle, to link themselves on to Fashion's chain, and to appear to be in the *beau monde*. This is the first consideration ; the second is, how to compass the cash : riches will always do it ; and where an aspirant for a leaf of Fashion's wreath has just come of age, with ready money or scores of acres at command, the thing is easily effected, because he may ruin himself as soon as he pleases, and a few hundreds spent on the Opera are but trifling, and

make a better return than placing his money in any other way,\*—since his being seen there is the first step up Fashion's ladder; his having a box is a higher degree; and his getting familiar with the persons of the great sets him on still a higher footing, and may lead to making him acquainted with some of them, which is a rapid ascent to ambition. Nothing is more common than for young men of good appearance and extravagant establishments, although what the *bon ton* of Paris would call *gens de rien*, getting

\* The Pea-green ephemeral, of whom we have spoken perhaps too often—merely on account of his so constantly forcing himself into public notice—well aware of this, took not one, but two boxes at the Opera: one for mamma, father-in-law (the *carta pecora* of his family), sisters *and all*, the other for *I* by *itself* *I*—*singular I*—but who could not appear without many consonants to give force and effect to *it*. This was better management than that of a fallen Elegant, who used to say in the *Acre* to his coach-maker, “You must make me a *few carriages* for the spring;” or T. F. H., Esq., now separated from his pretty little wife, who, on coming of age, gave his horse-dealer an order for ten grey horses to match, and as many more of all colours, or any colour, for riding, hunting, &c.



edged into notoriety and good company, from some one's taking notice of them on account of their being Opera-box-renters, which brings them into observation; or being seen walking arm in arm with an officer on Guard. The odds are nearly ten to one in favour of the novice from the former circumstance; the latter stamps him as a *jeune homme comme il faut*. The long-pocketed citizen, too full of ambition and coin, with carriages nearly as tawdry as those which serve for the national pageant of the mayoralty, either as chief magistrate of the city or sheriff, and with wives and daughters most prodigiously fine,\* are sure to obtain this desideratum of an Opera-box, because they will give twice as much for it as any one else, money being no object; but they are not so sure of getting into fashion. Not all the efforts of trade and com-

\* A woman of rank or known fashion may wear any thing, whilst the commercial and monied interest must have the rich, rare, solid, and costly. The former very often wear false jewels and *petit or*; the latter never.

merce,—not even the estimable and respectable merchant, whose vessels are almost like a fleet, whose white sails are seen waving o'er the deep in every quarter of the globe, and whose wealthy produce is almost incalculable—can compass that end: no! nor can the rich productions of Golconda, Potosi, and Peru, command that fickle, light, airy, and inconstant goddess, Fashion, whose touch is slippery, whose tenure and possession are most uncertain, and whose tyrannic sway is fatal to many.

The banking and commercial aspirants to a place amongst the great, as well as the ready-money youth, full of ambition and emulative pride, are therefore sure of a box at the Opera, as long as there is a single one vacant; whilst the established *noblesse* hold a seat in this house almost on the same privilege as the Peer does his in the great senatorial theatre, by birthright and usage,—but even this class is sometimes represented by proxy; and there is a much more numerous class than either of

those already mentioned, which take a great deal of trouble, scheming, financiering, and shift-making, to hold their places as subscribers—some on account of their limited means, and others on account of the stubborn struggle in their bosoms, which pride and ambition, interest and narrowness of mind incessantly raise :—so that there is not a cabinet in Europe in which there are more emulations, strifes, action and re-action, cabals, intriguing, and finessing, than in this focus of fashion, which, like an *imperium in imperio*, has government and under executive, plot and counter-plot, secret and select committees, administration within administration, home and foreign departments, exchequer, chancery, and wheel within wheel, from the struggle for boxes, down to the rivalry behind the scenes for precedence, consequence, character, &c. : one fair dame, whose many charms have elevated her to such celebrity that she will not dress without eight wax-lights, to enable her to admire her

reflected self with more magnificence, and whose maids of honour (or honorary maids) resemble in number and ceremonial those of the great Marie Louise; and another, who addresses her *state-paper* to the public, with an *exposé* of the conduct of the administration, with as much solemnity as if it had been issued by the Holy Alliance, or as if she considered that the eyes of Europe were upon her; and lastly, one of the *neutral* powers, who, for a season, appeared in print like a potentate at issue with his revolted people, who were none other than the female forces of the Chorus. But whilst all this goes on behind the scenes, and in the war of words and paper-bullets titled and other lady-managers (not of the theatre, but of their own dignity and finances) keep up a great scene of agitation and negotiation concerning places, boxes, subscriptions, money-making, and making their own money go as far as it can, (which Mr. Ebers could fully corroborate, if examined before a *Star* Chamber, or Operatical Inquisi-

tion,) here is one female *Ministre de Finance*, who contrives to get her seat gratis all the season, by a thirty-pound tax levied on a number of young men *sharers*, and who seldom or ever encumber the box, but flutter about in the pit, hang on at lady-subscriber's boxes, get in with some of their friends in *Chalk Farm*, and vapour out the rest of the night behind the scenes or in the *Crush-room*. We know a certain veteran Miss who is most successful in this traffic. Others there are in great number, who content themselves with the fag-end of the season, or with a few intermediate nights, so judiciously alternated as to make it appear as if they were almost always there, and as if occasionally they *lent* their box (*pas si bête,—lend, indeed!*—what! an *opera* box! which is a little annuity to some)—whilst at the same time they get their amusements, public appearance, and fashionable notoriety for little or nothing. Others, again, make a little bit of money by *box-jobbing*, a more certain, although more limited, trade

than *stock-jobbing*. The last dabblers in opera-jobs are dear anxious mammas, with sweet, amiable daughters, lovely, but light in purse; and these are necessitated to resort to stratagems and to condescend to ask favours, in order to locate the marriageable and fair hymeneal candidates in a proper light, to be seen, to be admired, and to be courted. One maternal minister of the *home-department* had really Graces to dispose of, and she did so with success: they have our warmest wishes for happiness: a fair creature, who is a fortune in herself, has a right to expect to improve her fortune; and such were they. The *gradus* (not *ad Parnassum*, but) to *mount* into notice, for ladies thus situated, is that amenity which nothing can resist, and that moderation which allows them to put up with inconvenience, an indifferent place, and a scanty portion at Fashion's banquet. These objects may be obtained by an elegant woman applying for a slice of an opera-box towards the end of the

performance, or to be sent for and put up with at the last moment, when boxes would no longer let; Mr. Ebers and agents must not be too hard; and after a little treaty a cheap bargain may be made, and Mesdemoiselles, all smiles and good looks, are found smiling and blooming by the side of all the fashionables in the *Crush-room*: which answers every purpose required. All this is innocent campaigning it. But we cannot contemplate without some degree of contempt, certain fibbing ladies, who draw a resource from box and ticket trade, and who, to clench the hardest bargain possible, in order to have a reserve, consider that the adherence to truth is not necessary in their *forme de projet*; nor are aware that there is the slightest meanness in this petty and petticoat commerce. These ways and means visitors of the King's Theatre form a great contrast with the ladies of the East, and their rich and portly spouses: the latter, worthy men! care not what it costs them to bring their wives and daughters in

amongst *la haute noblesse* and the leaders of Fashion's corps: nor is amusement a part of their calculation; they know as much of music as a dolphin does about dancing a minuet, and understand as much of Italian as an oyster does of Cocker's Arithmetic. But in regard to understanding, they are not alone in this; for there is a legion of dandies and young exquisites, pleasurable and sporting youths, military and civil, who dash up from Hounslow, Windsor, Epsom, Newmarket, and from the two Universities, just for a peep at the opera, for a mouthful of *haut ton*, and an opera air, or rather *airs*: for although they may perhaps have ears for music, and may speak a little Italian, they are wilfully deaf both to the one and the other, and merely come there to see and be seen. And, not content with this, they seem quite indifferent as to the convenience of others, placing themselves in groups of three and four under the lower tier of boxes, and talking so continuously as to annoy their neighbours prodigiously. We



once remember hearing the whole particulars of a neck and neck race from some of these general disturbers; and at another time witnessed the transactions of a hunt in the same way: the former blade winning his match under a Countess's box, and the latter killing a fox at the corner of Fop's Alley.

The rage for double-boxes is very great, and they pay enormously; the price, however, sometimes resembles a sporting fund, being a complete handicap. The visits of the University dashers are often attended with trouble and expense; nay, sometimes with risk: as a youth who bowls up to town in a chaise and four, primes himself with champagne to make him opera pitch, and travels back the same way, in order not to be missed in his college,—sacrifices rest and coin, and may be betrayed by his scout at Oxford, or his jip at Cambridge, and be subject to rustication, fine, or being put back in his degree, in addition to the danger of offending a severe father or a rich uncle. One youth

not very long ago met his *cher père* at the Opera, face to face; but had the front and hardihood to *downface* his sire, that he knew nothing about him, and to assure him that he was under a gross mistake. The father started after the opera in a chaise and pair; but the son put himself in motion immediately after the scene, with four posters and post boys, plied with money and liquor, so that his servants saw him in bed on opening his rooms, (of which there are always double keys,) and papa found him actually in chapel at morning prayers, with a dozen vouchers for his never having quitted college.

Thus much being said of the *high scenes* and high company of the Opera-house, a few words may be added respecting the highest station, but most mixed and least noble assemblage at the Theatre; namely, the gallery, from whence foreigners of all nations behold the west end quality, as if through a microscope, or rather as if they were placed upon a tower or church-

steeple, looking down upon the busy stir of fashion. Great as the *beau monde* is below, it seems little in the eyes of these contemplators ; but this is merely according to the order of things, distance always diminishing the objects before us. It is only when the great ones of the land lose in magnitude and consideration on our nearer approach, and when the lengthened shadow becomes nothing on closer examination of the eye, either of the mind or body, diminishing gradually, as it is a more proximate object of contemplation, that the case changes : then it is that both the order of nature and the orders of titled society are debased and *deplacées*. It must not, however, be supposed, that *la galerie* is quite void of attraction or a transient ray of fashion ; foreign professional ladies—pretty brunettes of the middle rank—foreigners, male and female, who steer their bark through the amusements of London, piloted by economy, are here to be found, as well as characters *incog.* and persons in extreme *dcshabille* :

and these tractors draw a few straggling lords, wandering husbands, straying senators, old amateurs of foreign produce, and restless dandies, up to this close and dark abode, to chat a few minutes, to see what is going on up-stairs, and to make appointments for what regards not the writer of these pages. This high story,\* however, is highly inconvenient for both sight and hearing, to such as like to hear sounds in their greatest integrity and perfection, and who, being familiar with the Italian language, admire the correct and clear accentuation of words both in song and *recitativo* ; which in all languages, and in all compositions, sung or said, in prose or verse, must, in our humble opinion, be an advantage. It is painful to behold a great beauty,

\* The rows of quality and fashion go *diminuendo* as the eye of *attici* descends, the pit and stage appear childish ; it is as terrible to these great people losing weight, as was the ideal precipice of Lear, where

“ The *rooks* and crows that wing the midway air,  
Seem scarce as gross as beetles.”

a whole-length-picture figure, dwindle into a miniature or an etching, or to lose the decimal of a note in harmony : however, both are not so much amiss for the price.

We now conclude by fancying ourselves at Mr. Ebers's side, whilst he is observing how his boxes are filled : we are taking a bird's-eye view of this enchanting living and lively panorama : we have our glass up, and it meets bright gems, bright titles, and brighter eyes, the fair and the brave, the frail and fallen—for stars fall like other things, and the most exquisitely delicate *porcelain* is most fragile and subject to flaw, and we are all earthenware : however gilded on the outside, however polished and glittering the surface, let the pattern and design be ever so rich, still the materials are the same : china may break, and so may a bank ; accidents will happen not only in the best-regulated families, but in the best-organized *firms* : what is so firm and stable as to defy the hand of Time,

or the agency of accident? But we solemnly promise our much respected Lady-readers, not to say one word about the gay females of the Cytherean court; and equally bind ourselves, both by *bond* and *judgment*, to our mercantile perusers, not to utter a sentence on the pressure of the times, the falling off of the Opera-going citizens, the coming down from a box to half a box, and being at last in the wrong box. Our survey of the tiers of elegance shall be short and harmless; not an empty, strange, and timid look of a comer from the country shall have less art, design, or malice in it, than ours. *Allons*—here we go—the glass is up.

Whom have we here?—My Lady ——? No, she is gone to the Continent!—Lord ——? No.—Sir Nemo Nihil? No.—Mrs. Magnet? No, she is gone out of fashion.—The Duke of ——? No. Vacant! vacant! vacant! all are vacant!—their boxes, we mean. But ha, whom have we here? The Thane (not of

Cawdor), so judiciously placed as not to miss a single caper in the ballet ; so near the performers as to be almost identified with the stage, and obliquely opposite one who still keeps up the ball, and whose marriage the Thane took almost a fatherly interest in.—Well, next to him the banking interest—Mrs. Banco : well, and a very good woman too ; without the bank the peerage would be in a scrape, many thereof would not have any objection to belong to the firm.—Here we have Majesty, the object of our love and duty ; and next to it an aching void for departed greatness. Marchionesses and Countesses all in a row : one Countess doubled up, as *we* say in barracks, with a Miss L——, and that Countess of ministerial title : her neighbour the Countess of C——, a beautiful creature, but alas ! not growing young : by the side of Lady S——, we find ladies with banking and loan names ; an Earl, commoners, commoners, and then Mrs. General Discourse—Ye powers !

how well the organ of speech is hung with this lady! is it the tongue of a bell? *non, ils sont passées ces jours de fête*, but Miss is accomplished. Let us look on the other side: Viscount L——, *bon*; the Golden Ball; a Marquis who has long since parted with his rib; now ladies, nearly a dozen, until we come to Mr. Ebers; hard by whom one lady, the consort of a certain Lord in the admiralty-department; Lady F. W. W——, the Right Honourable spouse of a very simple knight and an X M. P. This lady should support the Opera, for she gained a fine fortune, per legacy, from being admired there by one who was contented to look and sigh—look and sigh, look and sigh, nay, and sigh again, and that was all.

We now point our glass up at the next tier, on the royal side, a Marchioness; a Baronet; a Duke right over Mrs. Banco, not however to *overlook* her, he holds that lady in too high consideration for that;—commoners wives come



next, and a once lovely Marchioness, a splendid sun-set picture; to which is added female diplomacy in its most agreeable shape, her Highness so justly celebrated as a dancer and in the weighty cabinet of Almack's;—more quality—royal blood—the Honourable Miss U. *ma foi, on ne voit qu'elle*: the Honourable Mrs. A. E., a jewel of the first water: and titles all the way round. The eye grows dizzy with the blaze of beauty.—Look t' other side, a Countess, a Duke, Prince Money-love, Duchesses, Marchionesses, and Right Honourables, all the way on to the Countess San Florenzo, on whom good music is not lost, for she is one of our very best judges.—Second tier above the King's side, nothing to remark until a Grace above a Grace, the Duke of G. Now again, Les Finances, in their *barings* and distances; and nearly central on this tier, a *vacuum*, where the Pea-green thing once flourished, and who, when he was there in all his glory, made a *plenum vacuum*, and since

knows very well the meaning of *minus plus*—so much for mathematics. Ladies and Countesses, —ha! but who comes here, in a few boxes from the stage? one who travelled from Uxbridge to the north of Scotland very speedily: she is one of the Graces, and we remember seeing an account of her, written by a certain Duke's sister to a certain Comte de C——, the brother of a French Duke, and being himself a *cordon bleu*. Such was the picture. “*Elle est jolie comme un cœur, aimante comme une tourterelle, douce comme un agneau, et paisible comme le sommeil;*” a very desirable matrimonial portrait. She is here surrounded by sweet young ladies of the family.—Above her, on the right hand, nothing very striking until we come to the Misses Fitz-William Henry, amiable and attractive young women; an expression in their countenance of the Comic Muse, which also lights up that of their brother's, and which, added to features truly *distinguées*, has a very

pleasing effect. Their illustrious father may have the satisfaction to boast, that his sons are gallant, and his daughters fair.

In the pit-box No. 11, we have a massy figure, whom once we beheld quaffing claret at an open window in a certain sea-coast town of France, whilst a score of dirty boys were quizzing Jack Roast Beef—*le gros patapauf*: never was John Bull better represented. Lady O. and daughters are not far from hence; nor a Knight who knew how to gain a Baroness in spite of her *teeth*—articles which had long engrossed his care and skill: nor can we poise our glass without bestowing a portion of admiration on the handsome Misses W—l—r; nor without lauding the elegant Lady Ga—d—r.

In a ground-tier box, we had almost forgotten some of the fairest creatures that the polished hand of Nature ever modelled in her most perfect cast, and whose name is a great contrast to their complexion, as much so as the raven's

wing is to the lily's flower. It is easy to divine the name, and we may add, that those who have it are divinely fair;—but those who prefer an attractive charming *brunette* to an enchanting *blonde* must look into Mrs. Renard's box: it is not very far off, for it is a long *Lane* that is without a turning.

Amongst the ministerial *Elegantes*, we have yet to name Mrs. Classic, the lady of the Right Honourable George Classic, of elegant, eloquent, talented, and classical fame: nor can we pass over her who is esteemed and admired by all who know her, the Countess of Ab—ne. Ha! now we have got into trade again,—G—'s Entire, not a simple knight, but a knight of *Malt*. Is it the music that he admires; or the *hop*-ing in the ballet? this is more in his way. —And pray what does Jack Buller come for? Honest Jack, who often kept the House of Commons in a roar with his upright and downright speeches—Jolly Jack, who does not dislike the juice of the grape—And true-hearted Jack,

who does not care a d—— for *nobody*! (to use his own style.) Why Jack, the blunt and simple in speech, comes to see the pretty girls, for John is an *amateur* as well as his neighbours.—*Apropos*, here are Lord and Lady Dunderton, of sporting celebrity.

And with these we will close the survey, not omitting Mrs. O. H., who resides in a house all covered with laburnums and passion-flowers of most rural appearance, not a hundred miles from the garden of the New Palace erecting for the King—God bless him! Mrs. O. has always been a fashionable amongst fashionables, and is one of the steady supporters of the Opera house; not one of your *hic et ubique* twinklers in fashion's sphere, who make a job of the theatre for some private purpose, to marry daughters or self, to get edged into the *beau monde*, or to turn an honest penny.

The Crush-room is now getting thin; the emulation of coachmen is over; there is no more chance of being squeezed to death by a

carriage-wheel, nor to be bespattered with the mud thrown on one by Duchesses and Countesses; there are no lovely ladies in fits; no screaming nor fainting; no swearing of coachees, nor interference of constables; the gentle attention of *beaux* handing in *belles* to their carriages; the flippant "Shall I set you down?" of a baroness, and "I'll *take you up*" of the police, addressed to some old members of the *Catch* club, who attend all places of musical celebrity. All this is come to a close, and so must this chapter. But, oh! how these dangers, dreads and dismays, these rivalries, jostlings and strifes, do enhance the value of an opera night!—in one word, how delightful an amusement is the Opera!

## CHAPTER XI.

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A HAPPY THOUGHT.—PATCHING UP.—SUPPOSED  
TO BE GREATER THAN EVER.

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“Ainsi que cela soit dit pour qui veut se connaître,  
Le plus sage est celui qui ne pense point l’être.”

BOILEAU.

YOUNG Greenlaw was much pleased with himself *à la sortie de l’Opera*; he found himself quite the fashion; beauties were in rivalry together in order to obtain his heart; and he still might make an advantageous match and form a noble alliance at the same time, for matters were now altered. A titled wife was all his former ambition, but now he must have a partner whose

fortune would enable him to pay off his incumbrances, and to clear his territorial possessions, both at once ; whilst she added nobility to his family, and brought influence into the matrimonial scale with her. He hugged this unction to his soul for a few minutes, when Conscience whispered in his ear, and asked him, if, after ruining the peace of mind of one woman, he intended to break the heart of another, and to violate early vows, the abandonment of which would be disgraceful to a man of honour? moreover, were beauty, birth, and fortune, all to be found obedient to his nod? Certainly not; and the want of any one of them would have made his bliss incomplete. Yes, but then Emma was not noble; her birth was unknown. But why did he not think of that sooner? besides, she had other and more essential points to make wedlock happy,—a lovely person, an excellent temper, and a virtuous mind: she was pure and spotless as the unfallen snow, whilst in the mid-way of its descent from its native sky;



chaste as the untouched blossom ; as retiring from the approach of evil as the sensitive plant ; and as accomplished and graceful as if she had been brought up in courts. What would it avail him to marry an ugly, a deformed, a low-born, or an unpolished woman, with a hundred thousand pounds ; to be laughed at abroad, and made miserable at home ? or to be forced to seek for false consolation in criminal society, and habits so expensive, that four times that fortune might soon crumble into dust ? Look at the noble pile in Essex, now levelled with the clod of the valley ! (we say no more.) What would a *superb woman*, instead of a *femme superbe*, the widow of a gouty Earl, or the daughter of a poor Baron,—the one with half-a-dozen ready-made children to peck a second husband's eyes out, and the other with a contempt for commoners and as great a disregard for money, bring with her to the Temple of Hymen but ruin, boasting, poor relations, and a love for pleasure ? And probably, if *Monsieur*

turned inconstant, he might meet with a match on the other side of the house; and *Madame* might even then, perchance, take the first word of flitting, and by a journey to Scotland get rid of her husband, and retain her provision.

What then must be done? He had it—the idea struck him, and he sent for the Tiger to concoct the matter together. Money must be raised, and the latter put him on the plan. He was to pretend to have a great match in view, rich and noble, but the vile cash was wanting to pursue it. He also wished to get into Parliament; a vacant borough presented itself, but it was a golden one, and that metal alone could get it. It happened luckily that Lady Gertrude was a little better, so that he wrote to her on the subject, stating that his promotion only required the purchase-money to be lodged, and that it was but decent that he should add to Captain the two attractive letters M. P., particularly as the sturdy Highlander had wrested the *dormant* Baronetcy from his grasp, and

proved himself the most *awake* of the two. Now the money for all this could only be procured by persuading his father to join him, the heir of succession, in selling one of the unentailed estates; and he would be amply repaid during his life, by discontinuing a huge allowance, which it was pretended would be increased tenfold by a wife's fortune. Thus he could keep himself single for Emma, and (as Tiger advised him) get in debt as much as he liked, with M. P. at his back. *D'ailleurs*, the old gentleman's age was going on apace, and the unsold property would be a handsome thing in itself at his demise—all that was against him was delays: he therefore pressed Sir John to come up to town as soon as possible, and to bring the dirty acres into the market. The old gentleman swallowed the bait, rendered more attractive by Lady Gertrude's dressing it up. She admired Herbert's honour and secrecy in not revealing the name of his intended, and she thought nothing more likely than that, after the

next session of Parliament (for this was near its close) his devotion to the Minister, his *talents* both oratorical and those of gold, together with his wife's influence (doubtless she had some), might get him called to the Upper House ; and if any unlucky change should cause his *powerful claims* to be passed over, he might get hooked-on to an embassy, and get a decoration in time, bearing *Sir Herbert* with it.

With this she lay down to rest, and her good husband rose up to ruin : a fit of the gout, brought on by fretting, confined him to Brighton ; but he sent up the necessary power, and other documents, required for the sale of one of his best estates.

The rumour of a rich marriage has a very great effect upon more classes than one. Here we see poor credulous parents strain the last nerve of exertion to keep up appearances, in order to bolster up the credit of their son until he obtain a rich heiress, whom he pretends to have in his eye ; and it is only I, or the old

vulgar adage laid upon Betty Martin, but really a much more solemn thing—

“O mihi beate Martine.”

Tradesmen are equally gullible in these matters. We know two ruined young men who obtained supplies from some of their numerous tradesmen, in order to carry on their *suit* (as suitors, the tradesmen imagined) with the monied party who was announced to be the bride elect: but whether it did not suit the lady, was never ascertained; or whether the story was founded in fable, we know not; but coach-maker, jeweller, horse-dealer, never were paid, and the young men did not get married.

The estate was disposed of by private contract to a man without a name, or rather, with such a one that proved he was nobody. Your Woods, and Birds, and Browns, and Greens, and Whites, and Blacks,—he was one of these, and was known to be an agent for somebody else: but his bank-paper was all that was looked

for, and he took care to look well to the title-deeds, for he was by country a Yorkshireman, and by profession a solicitor (cheat him who can). Thus went one estate.

Previous to giving his consent to its sale, he (the father) objected that the purchase of the borough was an object not worth any body's while, as Parliament would soon expire, if not dissolved. But her Ladyship thought otherwise: besides, this was a particular bargain, for the member retiring secured the second return to his successor. This the husband doubted. "It was too dear," he also ventured to observe. "Not a bit; the wife elect would more easily be gained by an M.P. than a simple Captain." "What! in the Guards?" cried the father. "Ay, in any corps; Captain wants an *accompagnement*" (there's the *old tune*, thought he to himself), "and unless he be the Honourable Captain, Captain such-a-one, Baronet, or a higher title, the *Captain* only catches rich

widows and boarding-school misses ; and I don't like either of them, that's flat !” “Humph ! well, you must have it your own way,” terminated the dialogue.

In a few weeks two great points were carried. All craving debts were paid ; and our hero was actually franking letters, which he was so glib at, that half his friends had to pay double and treble postage : this, however, is quite excusable in a young beginner, who wishes to *get his hand in*, and it is also necessary that a variety of post-offices should get acquainted with his signature. They are more particular now o' days, than they were in the good times when franks were unlimited, and when it was so much the rage for the nobility and fashionable gentry to write illegible hands, for fear of being mistaken for men of letters or men of business, that a wag used to send his letters free during a whole session of Parliament with “*Single sheet*” so scribbled in the

corner of the superscription, that it might be taken for Singleton, or Singlespeech, or any thing else, and it passed as quietly, *nemine dissentiente*, as if it had been a grant to some of the junior members of the royal family, who, in the good old times, appeared annually ; or an act to extend our paper currency, which it certainly was in *one* shape. Now things are altered, and some of our princes write so beautifully, that they have almost brought penmanship into fashion ; nevertheless, our beardless *dashing* members write so *free-ly*, that one would think that they had never troubled the copy-book, or that the copy-book had never troubled them. This was the kind of autograph which our Exquisite chose—loose and unfettered as flowing drapery, and as far above the deciphering of the vulgar eye as Cicero-nian Latin is to the vulgar tongue of a certain civic Baronet, or of the fishmonger, now president of his own board of green (or other) cloth,—a cloth frequented by the first company



in the land, particularly after midnight tolls, and when the savoury odours mount from *gourmand's* hall, and the popping of corks is like a *feu de joie*.

If our reader recollect, the young Guardsman once disdained the toils, the attendance, and the watchings of the senate, and asserted that the Catholic Relief, or Emancipation Bill, and all other bills, were indifferent to him, except a *bill-et doux*, a *bill of exchange*, or a good *bill of fare*. But debts are very *changing* concerns, and he not only *changed his note* but likewise his opinion. He was quite aware of the advantages and privileges of that honourable House. And so he ought: its weight and importance are felt all over the world; its mandates and decisions have made tyrants tremble, have broken the bonds of slavery, and have echoed from St. Stephen's to the shores of the Adriatic, the Euxine, and the Ganges. The supplies voted from that noble source of national representation, have succoured the faint and weary,

the indigent and oppressed, both abroad and at home; the thanks of that talented and renowned House have proved the strongest stimulus to deeds of glory.

Young Greenlaw, we say, had changed his opinions—it is permitted to youth to do so, at least once: a *girouette* may do it fifty times, for he veers about by the wind of interest. This last change\* made him now not a little proud of being in Parliament, and he considered a seat in the House as a mixture of the *utile dulci*. He had actually taken his seat, previous to which he was introduced to his constituents at Blankborough, and promised them to do every thing for them that they wished; but, as their former worthy representative worthily represented to him that he certainly must know what

\* The word “change” is very often misapplied and mistaken. “Go change me this guinea,” is not correct, for it might be changed for a brass farthing.—“My mistress has just gone to *change* herself,” said a Scotch housemaid. To change her clothes, she meant; but the surly husband replied, “I am glad of it, Jenny; any change must be for the better.”

was good for them better than themselves, he was advised to vote in that way which would most further his own interest. We do not say that he did so, but such was the advice of an old stager. "To speak or not to speak—that was the question!" A maiden speech is an awful thing; that din of *hear, hear*, is overcoming to common nerves; he therefore resolved to be a monosyllabic member, and to reserve his speeches for the outside of the House, where his language had become quite parliamentary.

If he was asked the simplest question possible, by way of requiring his opinion, he would reply, "I vote decidedly against the measure," and it was negatived. If engaged to a small party, he would observe—"We *formed a select committee* to dine with Lord John to-day;" or, "I am engaged to the member for Coventry's, or any other town-party, to-morrow." At the Clubs it was always the *honourable gentleman*, or *the worthy member*, who spoke last." "Such

a one made *a good appearance*; another was *in the minority*." The calls of his family connexions, he termed "*a call of the house*;" and if any of his acquaintances got married, he would tell you that they had "*paired off*." He held it a *constitutional* measure to make a "*déjeuner à la fourchette*;" and when he chose to get rid of a subject, he wished the *previous question* to be disposed of. He issued the *order of the day* to his servant, to reject all petitions, and let all *bills lie on the table*, where, after a *third reading*, they were *lost*, or thrown out; and all *question* of payment was adjourned *sine die*. Touching his attendance at the House, he was pretty regular, as he wished to become familiar with all its forms; but, after a time, he went down there late, in imitation of greater men, who only wish to be present at a great measure, or a division of the House. He was, at the beginning of his career, very attentive to what passed, in order to be able to *report* in

his private circle ; but as he grew more acquainted with the persons and names of the members, and could call them *familiarly*, Canning, Brougham, Peel, Huskisson, Old Dick Martin, Everlasting Hume, &c. &c., and class them with the ministerial party, the opposition, the grumblers, the saints, and the radicals, and ironically name the linen-draper Lord Waithman, and Alderman Dubois, “Humpty Dumpty, sat on a wall”—when he was up to all this senatorial slang, he preferred the gallery to every other part of the house, and entered freely into any subject that best suited the whim of the moment. This he got the habit of, from copying from some rare originals in this way—one of whom was bargaining for a horse during a lengthy speech upon the corn-bill ; and another of whom was discussing the merits of *Web* the singer, whilst the case of the distressed Spitalfields’ weavers was before the House. In like manner, any motion for a pro-

duction of accounts induced him to look over his betting-book ; and the state of Ireland reminded him of losses at the Union (the club we mean) ; the subject of Parliamentary Reform gave him the head-ache ; and the bare mention of the abolition of sinecure places set him asleep. In spite of all these tricks, however, he took care not to be observed, and considered, whilst looking over the gallery, he might be overlooked himself ; but one day, perceiving a brother member, whom he supposed to be taking the minutes of the debate, to be drawing his caricature in his hat, he became more circumspect, and filled up the intervals with a pinch of snuff, which he had formerly dedicated to other less useful habits. His friend, however, was all the time altering the *features of the case*, as well as of the face ; for caricature is to drawing, or painting, what amplification and misrepresentation are to argument or faithful statement. One day, on quitting his seat, he

picked up a piece of paper, which he was anxious to peruse, in case it might be another caricature, or the heads of a speech, the rough draft of a petition, or an anonymous communication to himself. “*I’ll sit upon this document,*” said he senatorially to himself, before I address the chair at the club, on a motion for the expulsion of one of our members unduly *elected and returned—Allons, voyons!*” It was dark, and he could make nothing of it; it was a fragment, or, to use a common popular expression, he could make neither head nor tail of it. Did it belong to one of the representatives of Middlesex? *Peut-être qu’oui, peut-être que non.* He turned it, and twisted it, and was going to consign it to the flames, (for he was now by a good fire in his dressing-room,) when something of a Parliamentary shape induced him to give it a second reading. The first line was all torn off to the last two words of it, which were without a rhyme to them, (the rest

of the fragment was in metre,) and these words stood precisely thus :

————— “ the state.”

Now this might mean any thing,—the *State* itself, an object of the first importance ; or it might refer to the state of Ireland, which, with him, was a minor consideration ; or it might be the state of the poll, or an officer of the State. It was too ambiguous to waste further time upon, in its present *state*,—and he was too late for *dinner*, that was *all right*,—and must dress, that he could do with the paper (it could not be a *state paper*) in his hand : the rest ran thus :

“ As ways and means, and money bills,  
 Aggrieve a burden'd nation ;  
 We mortals owe our private ills  
 To Folly's self-taxation.

“ The devil we do !” cried the reader.

Oft rising conscience moves, alas !  
 For acts of reformation ;  
 The bill 's brought in, but fails to pass  
 From daily prorogation.



How short the Senate's seven years,  
Vain bubble quickly o'er!  
As brief the thread of life appears,  
Though spun to ten times more—  
And ——

Here was another *hiatus*, and the thread of the discourse was spun no farther—it was cut off. These four words are fearful! He did not like the allusion to “Folly's self-taxation.” And then the shortness of the thread of life made him ponder a little; it was a *grave* subject: he had a sick mother whom he loved very tenderly, although he was too stylish to show it; and Lady Lydia might be in a decline; and he himself was going too fast the course of extravagance: he felt all this, for he had a good heart, but he would not allow himself to think. “All was not gold that glitters”—this was evident to him already. He had carried some points of his ambition, but had been foiled in others. Some of his debts were paid, but not all, and he had parted with a fine estate: by discharging the most urgent, he had got his promotion, but lost

ground in the corps. Colonel Leadon had given him up as incorrigible ; Bramblewood was absent ; the two Lords, George and Edward Fitz Eustace, had cut him on account of his conduct to Lady Lydia ; General O. N., formerly of the Guards, looked severely at him in the House on observing his very unbecoming levity ; and many of the young hands considered that he *came it too strong* ; that he was verging away from them to a minor circle ; that he would either be ruined, or turn out a professed play-man ; and that he ought not to associate with the Tiger ;—but, above all, they could not brook his affecting to outdo them all. It was bad style, they said ; his pretensions were not high enough (and they were right) : they had had Dukes' sons amongst them, who never attempted the thing ; or, if they did it imperceptibly, title, property, influence, interest, military rank, and court favour, all bore them out in it ; they had seen dozens of fellows with twenty thousand a-year take a middle station amongst them, and twice

as many more they had known to be ruined by emulative attempts out of the corps, who were all humility in it. Our readers who are acquainted with the Guards will readily make this distinction: the expensive habits of the Guards are individual, particular, and not regimental or general. He who enters the brigade, with a view of vying with the nobility and rich young men of it, must either be wealthy, or dip his fortune; but at the same time there are in it many examples of officers of the highest respectability, and highly respected both as good soldiers and well-bred gentlemen, whose private means are limited, but which, joined to prudence and their pay, carry them through with the greatest credit to themselves; and they are highly prized by their brother officers. It is a London life, not the Guards, that is ruinous: and we well know that prudence will do much in London; indeed, more than in an obscure quarter, for no one knows how his neighbour lives in town; nor does any one, who daily sees

a young man well dressed, and in good company, a frequenter of the first class of theatres, and in the morning fashionable places for equitation, charioteering, or lounging, think of inquiring where he dines, how he lives, or what may be his exact abode, or the price of his lodging; the hotel or coffee-house from which he dates his *billets* and answers to invitations, and where visiting cards and letters are left, is far oftener merely his receiving house than the place of his actual abode. The mystery of an Exquisite's abode is by no means against him; it is interpreted a hundred different ways, but, whilst he is always visible, and in a high circle, it is of no earthly consequence. Some have their letters addressed to the town residence of a titled relation, or an M. P. London is the only place in the world for these resources.

The Captain's sun was setting in the brigade, and he conceived the idea of quitting it. But first let us see what the fragment was: An anonymous letter in verse to self? No.—Some *billet*

*doux* of home-manufacture, which vain youths occasionally pen to dear self, and leave to be picked up, pretending to be all astonishment at the discovery, and cry, “ Pray did you see a scrap of paper ? I fear I have dropped something—did you pick up a letter ? ” No.—Was it a brother member’s notes of a speech, which the unexpected turn of the debate rendered unavailing ? No.—A burst of imagination, which when composed, seemed mighty clever, but which did not read well, and so got demolished ? No.—A tailor’s bill, or a lengthy account put into the wrong pocket by mistake, and torn in a passion ? No.—A pun, a saucy letter, or some written intrusion given to a member on the step of his door, or on his way to the House, and treated with merited contempt ? No.—A petition ? No, nor that ; it was nothing of either kind.

## CHAPTER XII.

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SERIOUS THOUGHTS.—ALMACK'S.—FIDDLE-  
FADDLE.

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“ My care is like my shadow in the sun,  
Follows me flying, flies when I pursue it ;  
Stands and lies by me, does what I have done :  
This too familiar care doth make me rue it.  
No means I find to rid him from my breast,  
Till by the end of things it be suppress'd.”

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

WHEN ready for dinner, and the carriage had been waiting two hours at the door, Captain Greenlaw felt a distaste for society. “ *Au Diable le Savoir Vivre !*” impatiently uttered he, “ I won’t go to the club, and I am glad that Tiger maximus\* has got his congé for the

\* In contradistinction from the Tiger minimus of the late Lord Leg.

evening. I should like to be alone for the first time of my life. I say—I forget your name, ask Godiveau (the French cook) what he has got in the house.”

*Footman.*—“ Nothing, Sir, but some quails, and a golden plover, a neck of venison, and some fish.”

“ Well, let the fish be dressed *d’abord*.”

“ Sir, the fish has been kept too long, it an’t quite good, it ’s rather on the go.”

“ Then throw it out of the window, and let it go altogether: dress the quails and the venison.”

“ Sir, the quails an’t picked: you ’ll have a long time to wait for them.”

“ Well then, make a blazing fire, and let me have the venison as soon as possible; and whilst I ’m eating it, let Godiveau toss up an *omelette au jambon*; and send off Scrub, the stupid boy, who came in the place of Edward, whom I sent away for robbing me, and let him get some kidneys, that I may have *des rognons au vin de champagne*.”

“ Sir, the fire is out; and to tell you the truth, Mister Godiveau is out: and besides the butler is out, and he has taken the key of the cellar with him.”

“ Break it open, stupid, and send for a blacksmith to put on a new lock afterwards. Surely, the *she-cook*, Godiveau’s understrapper, assistant, or whatever he calls her, can roast a bit of venison, and I must have the champagne by itself.”

“ Certainly, Sir, but Mrs. Ramikins is gone to the play, and the pantry is locked; and we are out of champagne.”

“ What the h—l, Sirrah! Do you mean to tell me that all my champagne is drunk?”

“ Yes, Sir.”

“ What, all?”

“ No, Sir, not all drunk; but it is all gone?”

“ How?”

“ Why Sir, Mr. Villeroi (the Tiger) and his friends, Captain Sing-Song and one of the fancy, drank most of it; and Mr. Godiveau took out the last half-dozen in his cabriolet at



five o'clock ; for they all understood that you were to dine at the club."

" Very pretty ! So Mr. *Godiveau* keeps a cabriolet ? "

" Oh, yes, Sir ; and other things besides."

" What ? "

" Oh, Sir ! it's not my place to meddle with my fellow-servants ; but really he and your own man do *try it on* too much."

" Well ! but what does *Godiveau* keep ? "

" Why, saving your presence, a lady."

" Very *comme il faut* ! And my French rascal of a *valet de chambre* ? "

" Oh ! I don't know, Sir, but I am afraid he keeps bad company, for he is terribly in debt, and goes to the gaming-table every day—some lower places, not like your quality hells, saving your presence."

" Humph !—and what besides ? "

" Why, he never goes to bed until we get up ; he wants no key : and we have to call him to dress you, and then he goes to bed again ; and he is as commanding and abusive, and re-

quires as much waiting on as if he were master of the house ; and he treats us like dirt."

" Ay, there's the rub—else I should never have got at the truth ; but he shall not trouble you long. Send to the nearest tavern for some brown soup, a few fried smelts, and a *cotelette à la Soubise*, and bring me up a bottle of Madeira, and a bottle of Burgundy, if they have left me any : and that I may not be short of wine to-morrow, in case I take it into my head to have any one to dine, order six dozen of Sillery, and six of Epernay, from Winter's."

" Sir, he has called ten times since you went to Brighton ; and declines serving any longer."

" Why then, go to Wright's, and we shall have my order in verse in the papers to-morrow, to increase his celebrity, such as

" Good wine at morning, noon, and night,  
You 're sure to get from Charley Wright ;  
His stock is genuine, rich, and rare,  
And cheap, such his *désir de plaire*."

He took a hasty dinner, in the middle of which he asked if there was any fruit in the house, when he was informed that *Godiveau* and the valet took out a pine and some hot-house grapes with them, for *Godiveau's* favourite; and that they had prevailed on the butler to give them half a dozen pounds of wax lights, on condition that he should sup with them, as Mr. *Godiveau's* lady was to give a *pic-nic* that night.

“ Well, they may *pick* this time, and I'll *nick* to-morrow:—*je finirai tout cela.*”

When dinner was ended, and olives were substituted for any farther dessert, he called for his bronze lamp, read a score of invitations, reperused half a dozen *billets* from Lady Lydia, and sealed them up lest they should ever be asked for, although there was nothing which could commit her, even in the eyes of a prude; her only fault had been to tamper with her affections, and flirt away until she had been the dupe, and now loved *de bonne foi*, where

she met with an ungrateful return. He then took up his lute; it was out of tune. He turned to wine; it seemed acid. He then wrote a long letter to Emma; and at midnight, (when his carriage had been ordered to return,) he started for Almack's, first to kill time and to banish care, secondly to meet *la brune et la blonde*, and thirdly, because he had received reproaches for his late non-attendance, which seemed like a slight to the elegant Committee, and above all, to the illustrious patroness; and lastly, because it was whispered in the Guards, that he was cutting the first circle, and descending the ladder of eminence.

On his way to Almack's, a thousand unpleasant ideas assailed him: the sad fate of Lady Lydia, who once had been a star in fashion's hemisphere, his mother's illness, the title vanished, one estate sold and another disputed, (and the suit took an ugly turn, the papers were full of it); then the quitting the Guards, to enter which corps had been his earliest ambition, and to the name

of which he owed half his renown. He resolved that he would not quit them, but he would be more prudent, retrieve, cut off some of his expenses. His Yacht, for instance, he would part with; some of his crew had deserted, they were convicted of smuggling, and were in prison, and the others were ill paid, and wished to be turned over to the commodore of the fleet,\* (if so we may call an assemblage of fine yachts). Then he promised himself that he would be moderate at play, go less to Mr. Crackpurse's,

\* We cannot help paying a deserved tribute of praise to the Yacht-club and to Lord Yarborough: to the first, for its inspiring a true old English and manly feeling to a maritime nation, and supplanting effeminate pleasures, which attracted the degenerated nobility of foreign and of warmer climes; to the second, for the trim of his vessel, and for his own seamanship in general. The expense of keeping up such pastimes is not small: its extent is enormous, when the vessels are such as the Pearl, or the Marquis of Sligo's (who got thereby into an ugly scrape, and has his views *confined* for it), or the late Lord Craven's, not forgetting Sir Billy's craft. But how superior such amusement is to the vile gaming-table, to the fancy-ring, or to cock-fighting, and herding with coachmen! how much more intellectual than cricket, golf, or useless archery!

etcetera ; but he could not consistently leave off all his old haunts and habits. He also projected to get rid of his Tiger, as soon as he could decently or rather handsomely ; for Villeroi was not a kind of man to be shaken off in an unceremonious manner. Besides he had so complete a hold of him, was so wormed into his secrets, his confidence, his frailties, and so much the master of his secrets and of himself, that it was not a very easy matter to detach himself from his society. Moreover, Horace Villeroi was so pleasant, so manly, so *adroit*, high-couraged, and in some shape so talented, that he was a desirable companion. He had a *sans façon* deportment with him, and a perfect contempt for public opinion, although, at the same time, quite a man of the world ; so that, as an *out and outer*, his match was not to be found : and he had management enough to keep his place, and to be considered at Ascot, Epsom, Newmarket, in the field, in the ring, and amongst a set of the most dashing young men on town.

On entering Almack's, he was greeted by the civilities of Mr. William Willis, inquiries after Lady Gertrude, etcetera, and the information that he would find the place, or rather the leading persons of that place, quite revolutionized—a foreign lady of great eminence and merit, was elected chief patroness: that there had been a good deal of squabbling (“*tantæne animis celestibus iræ?*”), and it was seriously contemplated to pass a vote of censure on him, for neglect, non-attendance, some informalities, and divers other things. The fact was, that Lady Lydia's case had furnished the great subject-matter of small talk, but that the majority were of opinion that she deserved her fate.\*

Our hero now saw that all was *du dernier goût* in his reflected self, and he gracefully and carelessly went up and made his bow to her Excellency (for the first Lady at Almack's be-

\*Where did a pretty woman ever find a friend? not often in her own sex, all gentle and amiable though they be.

longed to the *corps diplomatique*, and was truly not only her Excellency but her Highness,) and in spite of a certain Countess's envious remarks, was the pride of the dance not long ago; when the titled *Vestris le Second*, of heiress-captivating renown, was acknowledged *le Dieu de la Danse* (for an amateur). He had then to float round five other Patronesses—Duchess, Marchioness, Countesses, and Lady. It is a most imposing thing, (by *imposing* we mean striking, nothing connected with hoax, humbug, or imposition) for a green-horn nobleman or other newly-elected member of Fashion's court, to face the female Directory; there is so much pomp and etiquette in their high mightinesses, and they are so organized, that the House of Ladies beats the House of Lords out of the field. Such committees, *portfolios*, accounts, resolutions, elections, regulations, emulations, resignations, and (as an Irish Countess said) botherations, that a novice attendant of this Temple of the Graces seems more as if he were



going to be present at a *state trial*, than if he were going to a dance with a skipping Lady Emma or Augusta, or to have his *head turned* in a waltz by the revolving charms of a superb Lady Helen, or an irresistible Countess of Conquerall. It is rather marvellous that their Graces and Ladyships should not have assumed titles which they might hold *by virtue of their office*—as Privy Counsellors, Members of Parliament, Bishops and Judges (with whom we ought to have begun), Masters in Chancery, General and Civil Officers; for then there might have been Queens—such as the Queen of Hearts, the Queen of Diamonds, (which the Dowager Marchioness of ——— would well represent,) the Queen of the Dandies,\* and the Queen of the Dowdies; there might have been her Honour the Mistress, instead of his Honour the Master; there might have been a Mistress Speaker, for which office a great number of ladies are fitted; Female Judges,

\* Lady Dovecote.

who are the best of all ; Special Pleaders ; Lady-Generals of *Divisions* ; and Reverend Matrons, to look after their young friends, and to collect them under their wings as the hen does her chickens ; and *Chamber Counsellors*,

“ ‘To teach the young idea how to shoot ;’—

Officers civil wives, instead of *vice versa*.—Then would Almack’s be in all its splendour, a national institution, and one of our finest British monuments of art ;\* nor would female *reporters* and *tellers*, nor even female macers be wanting to fill the minor departments of this august assembly.

As young Greenlaw was just proceeding towards *la blonde*, he was cut off in his advance by the Countess of Alderney, to whom he had to

\* Whilst on the subject of monuments, we cannot but wonder that the King-street edifice should have stood so long. What, vile brick ! when *plaster of Paris* is everywhere so common. The Roman *cement* might be objectionable, because, where division does not exist, cementing is superfluous. The King-street House might be said to possess one solid advantage : “ It has that within which far surpasseth show.”

make his *devoirs*, and was rallied on his flirtation at the Opera, and complimented on his good looks since he had arrived from Brighton. But the Duchess of Belpass was not so indulgent: this Lady Manager, who was at the head of the Privy Council, told him that they had just nick-named him the *late* Captain Greenlaw, and that, had he not been tolerated in his senatorial occupation, they must have excluded him: “Look,” said she, “it is near one!”

“And what is one amongst so many of us?” interrupted the Honourable General O’Crazy; by which he relieved his brother officer.

The Duchess of Belpass has a little of mamma in her (the late Duchess of Match-make); *elle n’est pas endurante*, and, if slighted, is a match for any man. And so she ought to be; has she not the best blood in the North in her veins? Is she not of ducal descent, as well as her Grace by marriage? Is not the Highland breed all the fashion? and hers was crossed by Border-blood, as rich and active as that of the

lofty mountains. Had not the spouse of the blue-bonnet Duke a bee in her own bonnet? And are not her children nobly provided for? The Marquis is a hero, and deserves all he can get. One sister is a Duke and Governor's lady; another, her Grace the Lady Manager aforesaid; one a Marchioness; but, one —— Well!— they must palm her upon a commoner: but *n'importe*. Her directorial Grace has not her mother's wit nor rude talent, but what she has lost that way, she has gained by an English air; mamma might have been a queen, but there are vulgar queens, as well as vulgar queans: yet her late Grace was a Queen of Trumps, for in the long-run she always won. Captain Greenlaw escaped the *bore-al* Duchess, when he was arrested (not for debt, thanks to his lucky stars he was an M.P.) in his progress by the Countess *di Castelnulla*, a well-received Spanish grandee's lady, who asked him who two red-haired young ladies were, who stood *both together all alone*, (as Sir Boyle Roche might

have called it) like Gemini in the Signs of the Zodiac.

“ They must be proper people,” replied the Captain ; “ because, before they came here, they must have been examined, overhauled, scrutinized, anatomized, and so pulled to pieces, that the ordeal and the crucible, the Inquisition and the Star-chamber, (and bright stars are here) must be a mere joke to it. I know a duchess who is a firebrand ; a countess who blows the coals ; a viscountess who is a sieve ; and a simple lady who is always raising the wind ! So I beg leave to ask if what has been examined, tried, sifted, and blown upon, must not be pure to stand all these tests. *Au surplus*, I believe these ladies are of the monied interest—you see they have golden locks, or auburn hair, which the directorial Duchess’s mamma would have called *a’ brunt* (or *burnt*) ; for in spite of the aristocratical principles of this right honourable assembly, the monied, the trading, the nabobical, and Judaical generations, have crept in amongst them. There are

no primitive principles anywhere to be found in these corrupt times ; and we cannot keep out the *host* of *Pharaoh*, the worshippers of the golden calf, nor the tribe of Manasseh from court or state, from senate or nobility, from chaste Almack's in the West to polluted All-Max in the East ;—everywhere they slip in, from East to West ; from St. Giles's to St. James's ; from the rising to the setting of the sun."

The two young ladies passed by at the time.

" They are not so bad," observed an Irish member ; " they 'll pass muster very well, since the *Union*."

" Ay," added General O. ; " or at the *United Service Club* : those young ladies are worth their weight in gold."

This defence of the monied interest brought on a vehement argument between the aristocracy and the moderates at Almack's ; and the family of Mountnorris was brought upon the carpet. One lady undertook to prove them pure Montmorencys ; others said, that Norris was more

like Morris, and that the morris-dancers themselves were very old ; some added, that *maurice* was the word for the dancers, and that that name would *stand up* for itself. A Blue-stocking Noble assured the admiring circle, that morris, or maurice, meant Moorish, and was of ancient and noble lineage. A jealous old peer swore by the Saxon Heptarchy, from which he was descended, that Mountnorris and Montmorency were as distinct as Mount Etna and Mont Blanc. He said they might as well call *le premier Baron Chrétien* and *Baron Rothschild*, the two first barons in the world, because the first was the first Christian baron, and the second the first baronial Jew ; and that if they went on that way, it was like making a diaper napkin descend from *le Roi Pepin* : Pepin—pop-in—pip-kin—diaper nap-kin. See how the *kin* is made out.”

A laugh ensued :—he talked something about a horse-shoe, farriers, family broils, forging of titles, and a deal of trash ; and that the family

name was not *Montmorency*\* or *Montmorenci*. Whether the *i* be right, or the *y*, may cause a difficulty; why less things have done it; a *letter* is a stubborn evidence for or against.— But just as one party was standing up for the Gaul, and the other for the Hibernian, Captain Greenlaw *stood up* with something more attractive than both the *parties concerned*. The partner of his election was *la Blonde*, worthy of being called *la Reine Blanche* amongst all the high-sounding titles afloat; and after this dance, a brother Guardsman beckoned him, and took him off to an *early* supper. The brother soldier had a magnet of attraction at the supper-party; but young Greenlaw looked in at the great golden fishery, and lost a sum there that deranged all his plans and resolutions. He

\* We are informed that his Lordship's pretensions are clear and substantiated. Of course this discussion can in no ways annoy him; there are other names and peerages much more talked about. People will talk, but let those laugh who win. It is one thing to circulate the *on dits du jour*, but another far different one to establish them, or to give credit to them.



went home, found his own man and Monsieur Godiveau drunk, and his cellar door open : he swore that he would discharge them both the next day ; but to pay them was the question, and to pay his losses was still more difficult. He had to raise money for both, and the sacrifice was his commission. To quit the Guards was heart-breaking — his colours, his companions, *the* uniform, the cockade ! This he did not lose, his military designation ; he had a scheme for this, he still *would be a soldier*—or something like it.

## CHAPTER XIII.

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RESOLUTIONS—DIFFICULTIES—A HEAVY LOSS.

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“Encore aujourd'hui de la folie,  
Et je serai sage demain.”

FRENCH SONG.

SAYINGS and doings are two very different things, or (as no book is palatable in the present age that is not interlarded with French) “*Dire et faire sont deux choses bien différentes.*” Young Greenlaw *said* he would reform, and he *said* he would get rid of incumbrances, and he *said* that he would discharge his unfaithful servants; but, *en attendant*, he had to raise the wind, and he was not cool enough for a re-

former: he therefore sang the French song above mentioned, and adjourned the motion until the next day, in order to have a merry one before he entered upon matter so dry and so important.

He went through the due forms for disposing of his commission, and flattered himself that by applying for the vacant Lieutenant-colonelcy of his county militia, he should be as much a military man as ever. The name of Colonel looked very pretty on a card, and the Lieutenant should be printed *Lt.* Colonel Greenlaw also had a dashing sound; it seemed two steps higher up the ladder. But then *the Guards*, their elegant society, their appearance! Well, well, the world would not think of that; and a militia Colonel giving dinners, would always be courted, noticed, and everywhere received.

He obtained the vacant commission of Lieutenant-Colonel, but where was the corps? The Staff, a few Serjeants, and the Band, were at Head Quarters, i. e. the county town; and it was

probable that in the summer five hundred or six hundred clodhoppers might assemble for a few weeks' duty, and disperse again, only fit for the awkward squad; and that some farmers' sons, and a very few county gentlemen might do the like, and separate with the goose-step still aching in their muscles, and the kicks got by the lock-step fresh in their heels. They might, moreover, have learned to salute in a soldier-like manner, and this knowledge they could take home to their wives and families; or if *garçons*, they might think on it whilst singing,

“ I ’ve been roaming, I ’ve been roaming,  
Where the meadow-dew is sweet.”

Perhaps, again, the Militia might not be embodied, and then the Colonel might amuse himself by thinking on it, which might figuratively and eloquently be called *embodying thought*; an unsubstantial, but very elegant employment; with some, unfortunately, it is a sinecure place: in the latter case he would have one very great

advantage, namely, that he would have nobody to command him; and if he could command himself, he need not envy any Generalissimo, Captain-General, or Field Marshal of the British or any other Empire. As to the empty title of Colonel, or the chance of its being challenged, he had certainly a right to his; and had he not, the Venezuelan, and all other South American armies, would furnish him with a pretext: or the Greeks, either at home or abroad, the former of which is the best pay in the world. The money, the dinners, and the cockade, plausibility and a good front, would have welcomed any man with not a tenth of his pretensions or qualifications.

Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert Greenlaw, M. P. started in his new capacity, and gave dinners to half the single men in town. He was always glad to see his old brother officers, but somehow or other did not feel at home with them as formerly. He always thought that he was not considered great enough, which weak feeling a

too indulgent mother had engendered in him at an early period of life:—it never left him, until he paid too dearly for his self-knowledge. And on this account his connection with the Brigade grew weekly more distant; although he never forgot to inform a stranger that he had been in the Guards. It is a *souvenir* that every officer looks back to with pleasure: it is a leaf in his wreath, whether he be a hero, a poet, an author, or a man of family; and a feather in his cap if he be merely a votary of pleasure and *bon ton*.

He turned off his offending servants, and parted with his yacht; but he could not get out of the Clubs, to some of which he was deeply in arrear; and his stud was a continual drain upon his purse; he lost every match that he was concerned in. And he had now ceased to be a wine-sipper, who, with extended lily hand, and crooked little finger bearing a ring upon it, would taste and discuss upon various qualities of the grape, but drink deeply

of none ; he now had got into a second set who drank hard ; and when the wine was in, the wit was out, and mischief took the chair in her stead, and brought him up regularly every night at the Grand

——“*Pescator del onda—Fidelin,*”---

or *fiddle-in*, for we know a peerless visitor there who does draw a very long bow. He had, moreover, got acquainted with Captain Sing-song, whose fine tenor voice so beguiled the hours, that he had scarcely time to find himself *in his place* in the House, and lost his balance when on *his legs* speechifying it to his thirsty colleagues out of it. The season and the session, however, were progreding rapidly,—the one to its maturity, the other to its close ; and he promised self, when next elected, to be a new man,—and so he was, as our readers will soon see.

One evening as he was pouring out *la chocolata* for his breakfast, his new valet brought him in an armful of letters and papers.—

“ Give me the covers to frank, Holsteinwolffe ;” for he had now got a German, (a foreigner for cook, *valet de chambre*, confectioner, and *maître d’hôtel*, being a *sine qua non* in high life,)—“ and throw the circulars on the table—they may come from clubs, concert rooms, Almack’s ; there may be something about the management of the Opera, or the Regatta : I ’ve nothing to do with that now ; nor will I contribute to the poor gentleman’s raffle. Boys at school are *awake* ; and so many fellows know how to secure, that there is no security in the dice.

“ I say, Villeroi, I won’t go to White-headed Bob’s benefit, but I’ll give a sovereign for a ticket. And do, my good fellow, read the rest of these extensive communications, and burn all petitions and bills. But if there is a letter from the Continent, or from Brighton, hand it over to me ; and” (tasting the chocolate) “ let ’s have a look at the Gazette.—Ha !—‘ To be Lieutenant,’ (with rank of Captain, be it well understood.)”



“Who?” (from the Tiger.)

“Why, Bramblewood.”

“Oh! I understand,” said Villeroi; “he is on the descending scale—from Guards to the Line; from full-pay of the Line to half-pay unattached; and from that get leave to sell out; and thence to the devil.” (with a laugh.)

“No, no, Villeroi; you are all in the wrong. He stays in the Guards; his promotion to the Lieutenancy makes him a Captain. He is in, and I am out; he buys, and I sell (here a flush traversed his face.) I—I suppose—(hesitating)—no doubt he comes home on his promotion.”—(a pause.)

“Don’t be out of spirits; d—n the promotion! you are a deal more independent now, and a Colonel, *n’importe* of what, and a Member of Parliament. You touched the blunt for your commission, and paid debts of honour and pestering demands with the produce; for nobody thinks of paying jewellers, coach-makers, tailors, or horse-dealers’ debts above

once in five years. There are the two years of gentlemanlike credit; then the bill is sent in; six months after, a petition; both lie on the table six months more; then an arrangement is proposed, and paper given for the amount at two years more; a bond, or acceptances *bien entendu* to be renewed every six months; during which period the creditor's creditors are amused; and if the bill be duly paid by self or friends, all 's right. A man can then get a rich young one to accept, take up, and take a man of fashion's paper for self; and if a nobleman, some of these Johnny Raws are prouder than if they had the cash in their banker's hands,—and so they ought to be, *as in duty bound*.”—(immoderate laughter.) “As to usurious Jews, a man's a fool who pays them at all: let them arrest *la bourgeoisie*, and those whose credit is their fortune; but they may whistle for their money with a Peer, a Member of Parliament, or with one who has refinement enough to like to live in Paris. By the by, I

understand that Harriette Wilson is coming out in a new form :—that woman has as many forms as Proteus, and all of them bad.—But, I say, old fellow,”—(there was a time when he would not have liked to be thus addressed) “ By Jupiter, here is an ugly-looking letter; it has a black seal.”

“ Is it from abroad ?” (trembling.)

“ No.”

“ Surely not from Brighton ?”

“ I—don’t—know; you had better look at it yourself; or—perhaps—I—might—venture to read it.”

“ Do.”

“ Old fellow, don’t forget yourself.”

“ Go on.”

“ My dear son.”

“ That ’s enough. My poor dear mother ! ’tis so—I know it. Give me a glass of water :—how can I be so weak ?—But any thing else.”

Here he threw himself on the sofa; and all pomp, pride, ambition, selfishness, false colour-

ing, and disguise, were fled: he was the true child of Sorrow, and at this moment Nature had him all to herself.

Perish the callous heart and slanderous tongue, which can feel or utter that libel upon humanity, announcing that there is no grace in grief; that agony and anguish are visible alone by convulsive starts and contortions, and only audible by the loud wail of desperation! There is a majesty in mourning, a sacred soul-inspiring awe, which command more respect and deference than thrones and sceptres; more silent reverential contemplation than mosques and mausoleums, pyramids and pillars, temples and triumphal arches; for there vanity mingles in the sentiment of the beholder, and the eye is lost in the lapse and distance of time, the wreck of centuries, or the march of years. There the hand of the heathen may have raised the pile and the impure sacrifices which ascended with it, or the glaive of the tyrant may have mown

down thousands of his bleeding fellow-creatures to build up this huge impostor—this monument of ill-gotten fame ;—whereas here (where the mourner stands) a living edifice, built by no perishable hand, suffers in our presence : it is the breathing image of a wretched brother, and draws our sympathy, not by comparison, or from doubtful record, but by sad evidence standing before us, suffering as we may suffer, and melting as we may melt. Here sympathy is active, and participation lively ; the likeness is to the life ; and it is with this picture as it is with the figure of Death—that what is our neighbour's portion to-day may be our's to-morrow.

Young Herbert Greenlaw, in a graceful attitude, one hand bent and reclined on the cushion of his sofa, and the other hiding his eyes, lay for a few seconds mutely, but in a manly posture ; then chasing his tears, and motioning every one to withdraw, he folded the fatal letter in the bosom of his gown, and walked steadily

to his chamber; perhaps he never appeared so nobly in his life. A very few minutes confirmed what needed little more than a black seal and the first line of his father's letter to render certain. She was no more—life's fitful fever was at an end;—he had lost her whose tenderness for him betrayed her into innumerable errors; nay, misled *his* infant steps. Yet was it *he* who ought to accuse her? She had loved unwisely, but excessively; and had she even been a harsh, unkind mother, base is the son that renders evil for evil:—but it was far otherwise, the reverse to an incalculable degree. Nay, had she had all the faults and failings of centuries and generations on her head, she still was his mother. Death blots out the dark record of those inequalities of temper and treatment which we evince towards others and have to endure from them ourselves, and there only remain in aching heart and memory those loving acts which now must cease to the survivor—

those departed scenes rendered doubly dear by the departing rays which memory sheds over their surface.

Pardon, gentle reader ! I must wipe off the dew from my spectacles. I am short-sighted ; so we are all, more or less. Perhaps I am growing old ; so are we all, from the cradle to the grave. And now a truce to moralizing, and I promise my fashionable friends not to be guilty of this transgression any more, if I possibly can help it, and if the subject can, in any way, be disposed of without sad or serious reflection, doubt, or cogitation. We shall say nothing about Lady Gertrude's rapidly increasing malady, which unfortunately was attributable to strong passions acting upon a weak frame—to mortified ambition and dejected hope, the fatigues of pleasure, cold and fever, fretting, loss of repose, the inability to take even passive exercise, consequent absence of appetite, a mind made unfit for confinement and a quiescent state,

the unavailing regrets arising from hidden causes, and the apprehension of future evil now that all things were conspiring to bring her difficulties to broad daylight, whilst she was unable to exert herself in postponing, if not in averting them; throw into her cup Lady Panamar's *soirée*, the Baronetcy assumed by another, the sale of one estate, and the almost certain loss of another, and then the measure of her bitter draught was full. Nor were the delusive hopes of her son's building up his fortunes by a rich match sufficiently substantiated to administer an antidote to the poison in her veins; for neither was he explicit on the subject, nor did he continue even to name it—it appeared as if the prospect was very distant, or success uncertain; and now it would have come too late. She did not either approve of his quitting the Guards. But here let us drop the curtain and the subject together.

For three successive days he refused to see any one, and gave strict injunctions that no



letters or papers of any description whatever, unless directly from his father, were to be communicated to him in any shape. The breakfast-room was almost filled with accounts and dunning epistles, and his hall-door besieged with claimants, partly on his late mother, and partly on himself. On the third day he allowed Villeroi to visit him. What would he not have given for the advice and comfort of Bramblewood !

The post of this day brought a tremendous *tirade* from the old Squire on the subject of his extravagance. He did not know half of the sums which Lady Gertrude had borrowed on his account and furnished him with ; nor had he the remotest idea of her personal debts, which she used to patch up and pay interest for. He reproached him with a want of candour and of cruelty in deceiving him into parting with his estate ; represented himself as ruined thereby ; and begged to know whether his intended match was all an invented

falsehood (strong language for Herbert to be forced to hear, and to feel that he deserved); and, finally, asked him, as a man of honour, what was to be done?

“What is to be done, Villeroi?” said he in great agitation; “for, *entre nous*, our second-best entailed estate we shall inevitably lose.”

“Why, old fellow, you must persuade your governor to pay nobody; to make over the town-house and furniture to you; let him live abroad, until the Jews and the *west-end* tradesmen are compromised with; draw the rents of Greenlaw Hall for himself, since you say that the tenantry of the disputed estate have received notice not to pay their rents to him; and you must raise all you can by post-obit: (“That will be impossible;”) heap a couple more annuities on the hall, by insuring your life and trying to get some decent sort of a fellow for a collateral to secure your annuitants quarterly payments; and you must in spite of your teeth

marry some ugly sinner with a plumb or two. I will try and look out for some young tradesman lately set up, who may be too happy—too proud to be a collateral with an M. P. You may, perhaps, provide for some of his family by *your parliamentary interest*—(ironically.) And, by the by, you have another unentailed estate besides: you have only sold one unentailed estate, and be-deviled the entailed one, *n'est-ce pas?*”

“That’s a happy thought, for Greenlaw Hall won’t bear a feather weight more: it has a bad name with the A. B.’s and X. Y.’s, *where honour and secrecy may be depended on.*”

*The Tiger.*—“Come, come, old fellow, don’t let them count you out. I say, is there no doing any thing with your tenantry, the jolly ale-drinking yeomanry?”

“Nothing!—I scarcely know them.”

“There it is!—you have carried it with too high a hand: the farmers are plain downright fel-

lows—they won't bear looking down upon. If you had been sociable with them, you might have touched their canvass bags. Rare fellows for a security, an acceptance, or any thing of that sort! Giles Goodlad, of Broomleaf Farm, would be a most negotiable name upon a bill.—But send me down to them. I can play the game through, from polished Pall-Mall to the sign of the Flying-horse, or the Blue-bell, a road-side inn, or a village ale-house. Bless you! I'll play all-fours with them, or bowls, and let them win: that pleases them mightily. And then Colonel Greenlaw is such a good fellow and so altered—a *fine young man, and not proud*—will soon be down amongst them: sure to be returned for the borough this time again, and may give them a lift; besides, he may get a few of 'em *Commissions in the Lishy*, lad. That 's your sort, you have no occasion to give it in: you are not *hit in the wind*, if we can raise it.—So fare ye well!”

This elevated his hopes awhile, and he presumed to write to his father as advised,—slurring over the marriage by a hint that the alliance in view was no longer desirable, as he was sorry to say that the young lady had a previous engagement, until *then* unknown to him. This was a flimsy excuse, and the old gentleman saw through it. He rejected with contempt the proposals made to him, and meant honestly to pay all his late wife's debts by the sale of the only remaining unentailed estate which he had left; and would retire for life to Greenlaw Hall, reduce his establishment, and pay by instalments debts which must still stand over for a few years. As to the town-house, he did not like to part with it, as he had promised her Ladyship that he would not; but he (Herbert) might let it furnished for one hundred pounds per month, and live upon that the best way he could, for not one shilling more would he give him;—and he was as good as his word in every point. The

fact is, that the worthy knight might have been the happiest man in the world in private life: he possessed all the domestic virtues. The country was his delight: there he was beloved and respected; there he was at home. But his lady's ambition changed his course, dislocated him from his former habits, dragged him to town, and, by bringing up his only son in the style of extravagance which she did, disappointed his fondest hopes in that quarter.

The son now began most seriously to contemplate ruin heaped upon ruin—calamity followed by calamity. He shut himself up for a while, but could not long endure solitude. His father had by this time actually retired from London and gay life to the country, as he had resolved, and where he did continue for the remnant of his days. And at this period so great was his displeasure at his son's conduct, that all intercourse betwixt them ceased. He (the son) had now nothing to trust to but

false appearances: he therefore parted with his ready-furnished house, and went to live in the Square, where he entertained in a most expensive style, kept up a splendid exterior, and set up a larger establishment than ever.

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